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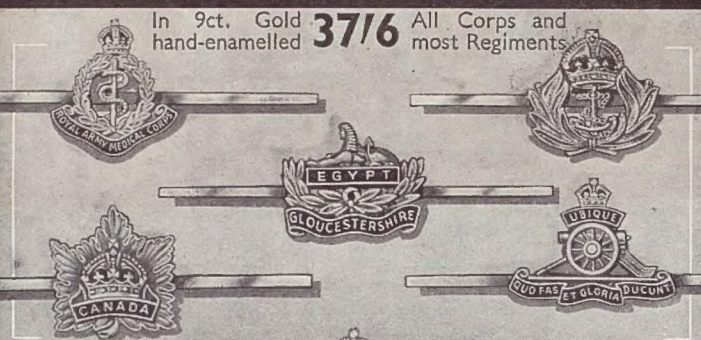
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LONDON

APRIL 16, 1941



“Lady in the Dark”—Gertrude Lawrence on Broadway

“With its unique blend of serious drama, musical comedy and pageantry, *Lady In The Dark* is a grand-scale smash hit:” so says the American magazine *Life* of the new Broadway show in which Gertrude Lawrence stars. Her role is editress of *Allure*, fashion magazine, who suddenly can’t cope with life any more and is cured by psycho-analysis. She tells her dreams and some of them—one of a night club, one of a huge fashionable wedding, one of a circus in which she sings and dances—give terrific opportunities to the scenic designer and for a display of Miss Lawrence’s own virtuosity. Moss Hart, the author, has had first-hand experience of psycho-analysis during a four-years’ cure. Further comment on Gertrude Lawrence’s latest success “over there” is in our “Letter from America” (page 104)



Way of the War

By "Foresight"

On the Balkan Front

FOR some weeks now comment on affairs in the Balkans has been difficult because military considerations made it undesirable that the British authorities or Press should confirm reports which were circulating throughout the world to the effect that a British Expeditionary Force had started to land in Greece. Now the battle has been joined and daily we follow its ebb and flow through reports and communiqués issued by the respective armies engaged.

The period of diplomatic preparation for this new phase of the war reached its climax during those last intensive days in Athens when Mr. Anthony Eden, combining the functions of British Foreign Secretary with those of special representative of the War Cabinet, accompanied by Sir John Dill, the sagacious Chief of the Imperial General Staff, was maintaining hour to hour consultations with the Greek, Yugoslav and Turkish Governments. Without doubt the forceful personality of Mr. Eden, able to back his arguments by the statement that a powerful British force was already established in the Balkans, did much to encourage the stout hearts in Belgrade and Zagreb to follow the example of Greece and fight for their country's freedom.

Mr. Eden's task in the Near East has been brilliantly accomplished. When he slipped away from England towards the end of February it was with the hope that even in the last hours he might be able to organise a common front of resistance in south-east Europe. He went with the best wishes, but the not very high hopes, of Mr. Churchill and his Cabinet colleagues. Had Europe yet learned the lesson which underlay the principles of the old League of Nations; that small States standing alone must fall, but banded together may successfully defy an aggressor?

At the Eleventh Hour

THE course of the campaign will show whether reason and courage have prevailed too late. The task would have been easier had Roumania and Bulgaria shown the same resolution. But it cannot be denied that when they bowed the knee the prospect of an ultimate Allied victory was perhaps less easy to discern. Since then the crushing blows dealt to Italy by the Allied armies, air forces and fleets have carried conviction which no words could equal.

Hardly less important has been the proof in many forms of the stern determination of the United States. It may be worth while to remember again the foundations laid by Colonel "Bill" Donovan during his tour of the Balkans in January and February; the promises he gave them of full American support if they decided to defend themselves; the fervency with which he urged the British Government to halt the campaign in North Africa and to concentrate on building a Balkan Front.

Now President Roosevelt has told the world that when organised Italian resistance in East Africa is ended he will declare the Red Sea a non-combat zone into which American shipping may pass freely. The prospect of American vessels steaming up to Suez, bringing their precious cargoes of "Lend-Lease" supplies

and equipment for the Balkan defenders—these to be safely convoyed across the Eastern Mediterranean by the victors of Cape Matapan—is another large-sized nail in the Axis coffin.

When the Foreign Secretary returns to his desk in Whitehall he will certainly be congratulated. And the war picture he will contemplate from that central position will have assumed a very much more encouraging appearance than it had when he left. As the 1941 campaigning season gets into its swing we can afford to be bullish.

Eyes of Moscow

EVENTS move swiftly in these days and one risks always to write in advance of overnight developments. But it has not been the way of the Soviet rulers to move quickly or to depart from their own settled lines of policy. When Litvinoff, then Foreign Commissar, instructed the London Ambassador, M. Maisky, to open negotiations with Britain for a pan-European pact to restrain Germany it was because the Soviet Government was deeply convinced of the threat to Russia. That was early in 1939, the year of threats and bludgeonings which was to culminate in September with the German onslaught upon Poland.

In the long-drawn-out discussions which followed M. Maisky made no secret that two lines of policy were open to his country. One was to build a really strong system to hold Germany in check. The other was to enter into a short-term agreement with the Reich which would safeguard Russian interests. Unconvinced that Britain meant business Moscow a few months later adopted the second course and August Bank Holiday saw the signature of the Russo-German Pact of Friendship and Non-Aggression.

That Pact has served its turn for both parties. It induced Germany to expend her violence upon the west instead of upon the east and incidentally enabled Russia to improve her strategic frontier in Europe. Now the Kremlin seems to be convinced that Russia is No. 2 on the German list. If Hitler can overrun the Balkans, and so secure the right flank of his armies, he will face due east and drive into the rich lands of the southern and western Soviet Republics. What more natural at such a moment than that Russia should encourage the Balkans to resist and give them the benefits of that benevolent neutrality until recently enjoyed by Germany?

To What Lengths

How far Russian "encouragement" will go only time can show. But since we may perhaps assume that the newly revealed Russian attitude reflects a considered policy—namely, that of keeping war away from the Soviet Union—it is reasonable to suppose that its influence on the steps taken by Turkey will be considerable. Perhaps also reasonable to suppose that no openly unfriendly act against Germany can be anticipated. To say that the Kremlin has been viewing with wholesome respect the spectacle of some ninety German divisions assembled facing the Russian frontier, from the Baltic to the Balkans, would be a notable example of understatement. If Russia

believes that that threat can be reduced by ensuring that a large German army must become embroiled in the Balkans, "non-intervention" on the lines adopted in Spain might eventually acquire important dimensions.

Meantime the Slav peoples of south-east Europe, in which are included among many others the peasants of Bulgaria, will take heart from Moscow's attitude. In their latest assault the German armies are operating from bases and over long lines of communication situated almost entirely in countries with hostile populations.

Hungary's Unhappy Role

IT may be long before we can know with certainty whether or not Count Teleki, the late Hungarian Premier, took his own life in political despair or under the irresistible pressure of Himmler's murderous Gestapo. Archduke Otto is convinced, from news he had received only a short time previously, that Count Teleki was, for all practical purposes, murdered. The deduction is wholly reasonable, for Count Teleki was never a creature of Hitler.

His friends in London remained convinced to the end that his beliefs had never changed. But in the geographical situation of his country, linked with the fact that "revisionism" had been preached continuously and fervently since the partition of Hungary under the last peace treaties, it was hard, if not impossible, for the Government to adopt other than a passive role. By supplying all of their food resources to the encircling Reich they hoped to stave off the scourge of war. Then came the day when more was required, and Teleki remained as an obstacle to the use of Hungary as a jumping-off ground for the German attack on Yugoslavia. So Teleki had to go. The letters he is said to have left were not those of a man who has carefully considered and made his choice. They were crude and unreasoning; typical products of the Himmler Bureau, not



Yugoslavs in London

Early on Sunday, April 6, the Yugoslav Minister in London, M. Ivan Subotitch, received news that his country was being invaded by the Germans. Soon afterwards he and General Radovitch, the Military Attaché, set out from the Legation in Queen's Gate for the Foreign Office. M. Subotitch has been in London since 1939



The Home Secretary's Daughter Marries

Mr. Herbert Morrison, M.P., the Home Secretary and Minister of Home Security, and Mrs. Morrison (left) were at the Hendon wedding of their only daughter, Mary, to Mr. Horace Williams, son of Mr. Tom Williams, M.P., Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Agriculture. Mr. R. K. Lee (behind) was best man



Mrs. George Rendel Watches Soldiers' Chess

Mrs. Rendel's war work is running the Catholic Women's League canteen, near Westminster Cathedral, which she has done since she came back from Bulgaria, after war began, to be with her three children in England. Her husband, Mr. George Rendel, was British Minister in Sofia from 1938 until the German occupation

those of a cultivated and courageous man of affairs, which Teleki was.

Cable in Irak

GOOD many weeks have passed since I first mentioned in these notes the possibility of trouble in Irak and later commented on the appointment of Sir Kinahan Cornwallis to take over the British Embassy in Baghdad as marking Britain's determination to have a strong and experienced ambassador at this important post. Sir Kinahan had hardly arrived and settled into the saddle when Raschid Ali staged his coup d'état with the support of certain army leaders.

It has for long been known that the German machine of propaganda and subversion was working hard in Irak to stir up anti-British feeling, playing on all the most responsive susceptibilities of the people. Much use has been made of pan-Arab sentiment, and the fact that Britain has not yet finally declared her policy for the future of Palestine. Some years ago the Nazis arranged for Iraqis to go to Berlin for prolonged educational courses in which they were carefully trained for the role of agitators and propagandists on their return to their native land.

The fact that Raschid Ali and those who seized power during the absence from Baghdad of the Regent subsequently declared their loyalty to the alliance with Britain must be regarded with considerable reserve. Probably the coup was staged when it was as an offset to the events which had just preceded it, though on strictly constitutional lines, in Yugoslavia. But Germany is not yet ready for open insurrection in Irak. That would be useful only at a later stage, as a diversion of Turkish interest. London can count, in any case, on receiving first-class information and advice from the new Ambassador.

Relations With Mexico

By the general trend of events it seems probable that the day is not far distant when Britain will be able to resume diplomatic relations with Mexico. For some time past the United States have been anxious to see this step taken and, viewed against the background of war diplomacy, there can be no doubt that the Mexicans are on the right side of the battle front.

At a time when British Legations abroad have been steadily closing down as one country

after another became German-occupied territory the possibility for placing an unemployed minister abroad will be welcome to the Foreign Office. Unfortunately there is no guarantee that the appointment will be made solely on Foreign Office recommendation based on suitability for the particular duties involved. In such matters the Treasury has the final word and that inscrutable body may be more concerned to save a few thousand pounds by employment of a man who is nearing retiring age than by mere questions of national representation.

With an eye to the future there is probably no more important area today, from this point of view, than Latin America. Yet a survey of our present diplomatic staff in all those countries does not suggest that this fact has been taken into full account. It is a pity, for the Germans are working there ceaselessly and have displayed considerable imagination in their choice of representatives, not to mention that there, as in other parts of the world, huge staffs have been built up, all working tirelessly for the Nazi conquest of the western world.



The King and Queen in the "Front Line"

The King and Queen saw—and heard—an artillery demonstration from a forward observation post during their two-day tour of the Southern Command, and stood on a bare hillside while shells from 25-pounders whistled over their heads on to an imaginary force of five hundred enemy parachute troops. "Very good shooting indeed," said the King. Lieut.-General the Hon. H. R. L. G. Alexander, G.O.C. Southern Command, was with them as they watched raids, reconnaissance patrols, mock battles, and saw many aspects of the British Army's strenuous training routine

Myself at the Pictures

By James Agate

M*R. and Mrs. Smith* (New Gallery) is a film which, if it had been half the length, I should have described as brilliant. Mr. Alfred Hitchcock is said to be a very clever director, and there are film critics who pretend that they can tell a Hitchcock picture without the aid of a programme. There is even said to be something called the Hitchcock touch, though they, the aforesaid critics, have never told me of what that touch consists. And I am all agog to know. In the present picture a wife breakfasts with her bare feet snuggled up the legs of her husband's trousers with the soles resting on his sock-suspenders. Is this the Hitchcock touch?

But surely the mark of a first-rate director is to know when his film is too long, and in spinning this one out three-quarters of an hour after we are all sick and weary of it Mr. Hitchcock has surely departed from his first-rateness. The trouble is the insufficiency of material, familiar enough in the theatre where a play must run to two and a half hours even if it is all over in the first ten minutes. But surely this blight of over-length should never fall on the screen, where a picture can be as short or as long as its material justifies.

THE theme of *Mr. and Mrs. Smith* is that old thing about a man and a woman who cannot bear either to live together or to live apart. Educated playgoers will remember the magnificent thing Brieux made out of this theme. And then there is the famous passage in Flaubert's *L'Education Sentimentale*:—

"Ses paroles, sa voix, son sourire, tout vint à lui déplaire, ses regards surtout, cet œil de femme éternellement limpide et inepte, mais un goût des sens âpre et bestial l'entraînait vers elle, illusions d'une minute qui se résolvaient en haine."

But filmgoers are not supposed to be educated playgoers, or sophisticated readers, or instructed anything else. They go to hold hands and watch expensively groomed and lacquered hussies flaunt their social superiority in the faces of honest, value-giving little trollops. In the film under review there is the inevitable marital squabble; indeed there is nothing else. This is because he (Robert Montgomery) and she (Carole Lombard) were never, owing to a hitch in the inter-state laws, properly married. Whereby husband and wife pretend to welcome their freedom and we are treated to the old display of assumed indifference on the man's part and of wild-cat spitting and scratching on the wife's.

"The pity of it, Iago!" said Desdemona, and I found myself leaning back in my seat and very nearly saying out loud: "The commonness of it, oh the commonness of it!" The film will be liked by all women who dote on seeing one of their sex vowing she will ne'er consent and then consenting, quite nicely of course, and under the aegis, not to say down-quilt, of a second marriage putting right the first.

I HAVE been reading an extremely interesting article in the April number of the *Documentary News Letter* by Mr. Bernard Miles, the well-known stage and screen actor. Mr. Miles was discussing whether the documentary film

requires professional actors or just people photographed at their avocations. On the whole he decides against the professional, and, I think, rightly. Suppose you are going to film a horse-bus of the 'nineties. There is the real bus, and there are the real horses, and I make bold to say that not even W. C. Fields himself can be as "real" as some dug-out from the mass of retired bus-drivers. The same with taxi-men. I hold that the first driver on the rank will, when in front of the camera, knock spots off the most accomplished of our comedians. In documentaries, where actuality is everything, give me the real thing and not the actor playing at it.

On the stage the case is reversed. Introduce a real taxi-driver and a real taxi into a play and they will blow the piece to smithereens without substituting themselves. This would be even truer of cab-horse and cabman. In art you cannot mix two worlds. Do they then, in the cinema, mix them? I doubt it. For this reason, that with very few exceptions there are no actors or actresses in Hollywood, but merely a number of agreeable, charming, and real people ready to be photographed as their charming, agreeable, and real selves.

CONTRARIWISE, I found myself violently disagreeing with Mr. Miles in the following challenging passage:—

"When I saw the powerful March of Time epic, *The Ramparts We Watch*, the other day, I was moved and stirred by it, but at the same time it left me unsatisfied, because it seemed to me to evade the full human implications of a polyglot nation being slowly and remorselessly dragged into war. The human beings quite beautifully presented, were in this case presented as the *background* to the growing crescendo of events, instead of what they must inevitably be in such an analysis—the *foreground*. So, in trying to get closer to the problem of the real human being in documentary, the makers of *The Ramparts We Watch* inverted the whole principle of social analysis. The picture has, of course, many wonderful things in it, which largely compensate for this unconscious backsliding! It is honest, terrifically exciting, and morally and politically always on the target. But I suggest that the ideal framework for such a study would be two families, one American and the other Austrian or German, with sets of interlocking loyalties amongst the children, including a marriage and at least one baby of mixed nationality. Such a framework would in no way weaken the exciting presentation of the international scene and of Moloch let loose."

But I suggest that too human a story would have sentimentalised this greatest of all documentaries. Personally I did not want any "story," the tale of world-evil sufficing. *The Ramparts We Watch* is a staggering film which nobody should miss. By which I mean that everybody should visit the Gaumont Theatre.



"Mr. and Mrs. Smith"

Mr. and Mrs. Smith are Robert Montgomery and Carole Lombard, and the story is about nothing much but their quarrelling and making up. Gene Raymond (right), as legal partner of Robert Montgomery and legal adviser of Carole Lombard, is the nice solid foil. Alfred Hitchcock directed this light and gay comedy, which Mr. Agate reviews above, and which began a run at the New Gallery two weeks ago



Tunbridge-Sedgwick

Ann Todd and Her Children

Ann Todd, Mrs. Nigel Tangye in private life, is now the mother of two attractive children. David, her son by her first husband, Victor Malcolm, is a sturdy young gentleman of four. Her daughter, Ann Francesca Tangye, was born last September. She and her husband, now Squadron-Leader Tangye, R.A.F.O., met when she was acting in and he was aeronautical adviser for the Wells-Korda film, *Things to Come*, and were married in the autumn of 1939. Ann Todd started film work again a month or two ago, and has the lead in a new flying picture, *Ships With Wings*, in which she plays a cabaret girl who falls in love with an airman (John Clements). Part of the film is set in Greece



David Malcolm Plays the Man of Affairs

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

"Orchids and Onions" (Comedy)

ALTHOUGH there are quite a lot of people in this more or less intimate revue, it is really a one-man show, and that one man is George Doonan. When I first saw Mr. Doonan, I jumped to the conclusion that he was going to turn out commonplace, which is not a good thing for a comedian to be, as well as turning out common, which is quite a good thing for a comedian to be. His type was the type of the Old Tivoli, fearless and forthright, with a touch of Robert Hale and Stanley Lupino thrown in; and though it would be unreasonable to ask for anything better than the Old Tivoli and Robert Hale and Stanley Lupino at their best, at their most mediocre they are not so inspiring. Mr. Doonan was clearly capable and well seasoned. As the chorus girls knew their orchids, so he obviously knew his onions. But I felt, with some apprehension, that I knew his onions almost as well as he did.

THEN a duologue with Norman Hackforth made me begin to think that Mr. Doonan might be better than the average. A first-rate imitation of Flanagan, with Mr. Doonan as the first-rate imitator, made me begin to think that he was well worth seeing. A burlesque of a nautical hero with a curly blonde wig in an old melodrama persuaded

me that he was definitely entertaining as well as really versatile. And when, finally, he did his own stuff, as it is called, in a solo turn of professional patter, his likeability, his spontaneity, his topicality and his wit won me over finally and completely. His personality is traditional, his patter is up to date and full of surprises, as when he executes a few steps and then remarks, "Not much in it, but it saves a couple of jokes." Mr. Doonan is the popular goods—first-class twice nightly.

ORCHIDS and Onions has been contrived by Ian Grant, the expert lyric writer of so many West End floor shows. Out of a hundred London revues selected at random, it would probably rank round about number forty-nine. Polly Ward is the leading lady, now lively as the famous film star, Pepper Podgers, now lugubrious as the book star, Miss Blandish. In this last song, "No Orchids for Miss Blandish," she drains the last dram out of the last dreg of drabness; if you like this sort of thing, this is the sort of thing you will like.

Then there are Roma Milne, Hilde Palmer



Song Number: "Even Angels Have to Eat"

(youngest of the three Palmer Sisters, Lilli, Irene and Hilde) and Peggy McCormack, a glamorous trio, appearing at intervals to tell us "How They Lost Their Girlish Laughter," or how "Even Angels Have to Eat"—the fall of woman would seem to be Mr. Grant's cup of lyrical tea. Meanwhile, Dillys Rees, who sings so charmingly, maintains a higher standard of feminine morality, rendering sentimental songs what time a rhythmically manoeuvring chorus endeavours mercilessly to distract attention. And can this be Albert Whelan, friend of our youth, who, at the start and finish of his famous turn, used to demonstrate that it is possible to whistle while both taking off and putting on your gloves, and whom we saw so often at the Palace Theatre when, night after night, we used to flock to worship at the shrine of the classical Maud Allan? It can be. In fact, it is. But this time we do the whistling for him.

THERE is a good sketch about an incendiary bomb. Gordon Humphris, from the waist downwards, excels Jack Buchanan. And Hugh French, with lungs unloosed, lets out a big number about "The London I Love." The time, however, having now arrived when a close season for songs about London should be proclaimed, I here and now proclaim it. "You are my dream I'm always dreaming," sings Mr. French, referring to the Metropolis. This, surely, must be an exaggeration. The truth, or one of the truths, about London at the moment is that a lot of people hope to make a lot of money out of it by writing songs in which its praises are carried to quite remarkable lengths. But the money to be made out of it is one of the merits they quite forget to mention.



Sketches by
Anna Zinkeisen

"Orchids and Onions": Little Nell (Polly Ward), the Villain (Albert Whelan), the Father (Hugh French), and the Hero (George Doonan) in a burlesque of old-fashioned drama entitled "Little Nell Comes to Town"



**"Second Chorus" Has Paulette Goddard
and Fred Astaire As Its Stars**

Fred Astaire has got a new dancing partner—Paulette Goddard, Charlie Chaplin's wife, and Hannah of "The Great Dictator." They dance and sing and fall in love in "Second Chorus," which is now at the Plaza. Artie Shaw, the famous clarinet player, and a new and bigger dance band play a central part, musically and otherwise, in the story, which is mostly about a hunt for a rich backer. Burgess Meredith, a straight actor ("Of Mice and Men" and "Winterset") makes his debut as comedian and musician. H. C. Potter directed

**Comedy—With and
Without Music**

In Two Films of the Week

Rosalind Russell has got herself into another complicated marriage story. This time she decides that people who marry ought to be sure they really like each other before they consummate marriage. Her patient husband, who naturally persuades her to give the film a happy ending, is Melvyn Douglas. These two good actors fool their way through 94 minutes of comedy before love has its way. Alexander Hall directed "Married—But Single," which is showing at the Regal



"Married—But Single" Has Rosalind Russell and Melvyn Douglas

Social Round-about

The "Tatler and Bystander" in Town and Country

By Bridget Chetwynd

Wedding

THERE was lovely hot lobster at the Hyde Park Hotel after the wedding of Mr. Mark Culme-Seymour and Lady Mitchell-Cotts. She was Princess Hélène de la Tremouille, and wore blue, blue foxes and orchids. The bridegroom's sister, Lady Kinross, couldn't get leave to come—she is in the W.A.A.F. Mr. Donald Maclean was best man, and there were some nice people there.

Miss Theodora Benson likes spotty furs—she had a lovely, short, snow leopard coat, and a little flat black hat with an ostrich feather. Mrs. James Durran, in black with a hat with a snood, was escorted by her delightful little son Simon. Mrs. Innes, the painter, was there, and Mrs. Macready, the General's wife. Captain Derek Tangye (apologies for only just discovering he is a Captain, a rank I usually mistakenly give to veterans of about forty who have just achieved one pip), Mr. Brian Howard, Mr. Ian Clive Graham and Mr. David Maxwell were young men there.

David Maxwell designed the clothes for the Anglo-Polish revue which opened that evening. It is sponsored by the Anglo-Polish body, is called "Wednesday After War," and contains Enid Stamp-Taylor, who wears one lovely dress—a red chiffon crinoline with blue petticoat; Tarakanova the dancer, the Polish singer Zimberg, Rubina Gilchrist, Bunty Payne and Jerry Verno, comedian.

Luncheon

MR. WILLIAM HOPE COLLINS, of Collins, publishers, has been in London with his attractive wife, who was Nancy Montagu, and who has some very nice jewellery set to her own design—diamonds with pearl tassels and drops, quite unusual.

They had some amusing people to lunch at a fish restaurant (where lobsters thermidor were produced in bulk), including Miss Jean Weir, whose uncle is Lord Weir, and whose father has just come back from America, where he went on British purchasing business. Also American Mr. John Miller, who represents an American aircraft firm over here, and complains of personal promotion interesting our officials to the exclusion of their country's interests.

And Miss Joan Haslip, who has a charming personality allied with much talent. Among her books are *Parnell*, *Lady Hester* and *Portrait of Pamela*—readable, accurate and well-written biographies. She has an important job at the B.B.C., and is compiling a book of Balkan fairy-tales as a side-line. Has a quarter Balkan blood, and from somewhere gets lots of red-brown hair and grey eyes to help her along.

Cocktail-party

THE most current young ladies and jauntiest young bloods were at Mr. Campbell Heineman's beautiful cocktail-party. It happened at the Down Street flat which Mr. Tony Wheeler has taken from Christobel Russell, and her son, the future Lord Amptill, was there, in battle-dress with "Irish Guards" in

green on the shoulders. It is a lovely flat; exquisite moulding on walls and ceiling of the large drawing-room.

The party was big and gay and very well done—white ladies made with real cointreau, and whatever else you fancied. Reginald Forsyth played the piano as beautifully as ever, and the popular Misses Christian Grant and Ann Mackenzie both wore fluffy, spotty fur coats. Miss Diana Trench and Miss M. Hamilton were other lovelies, and Mr. Johnnie Cochran-Barnet and Mr. Bob Agar were among the cheerfully laughing young Guardes. Captain Bob Lindsay and Mr. Riviere represented a more advanced state of Guardsdom, and the host and tenant of the flat, Messrs. Heineman and Wheeler respectively, were very active and efficient.

In Grosvenor Square

IT must be very surprising for buildings suddenly to lose the neighbour they have known for years: it is in the flats alongside one of these vast gaps that Princess Yourevitch lives. It is an attractive upstairs flat, with frilled, draped, filmy white curtains discreetly excluding views of havoc outside.

Lady Warrender was at a cocktail-party there the other day, looking splendid in black and silver foxes, no hat and lovely long curly fair hair. She brought a most spectacular dog, looking like an enormous piebald greyhound, but maybe it is an exclusive breed of its own. It certainly behaved very exclusively, and a top-hat would have gone well with its air of pomp and circumstance. One could imagine it trotting beneath an equipage of another century, with an expression of sad sanctimony. The hostess's shaggy Alice was very excited by it, but got little response.

Princess Yourevitch is herself very pretty, young, dark and slim, with her hair bundled on top of her head in engaging disorder.

Other Guests

THERE were quite a lot of people as background to the above-mentioned dog. Mr. and Mrs. Gourlay—he is a Gunner, and really is Prince Bernhard's double. She announced that she was a mixture of Scotch, Irish, Welsh and Pennsylvania Dutch, but she comes from America, and seems very like an American—has done two hundred hours' flying on the Beachcraft aeroplanes that we are now getting over here from the U.S., so might be useful explaining unfamiliar



Lenore

The Hon. Mrs. Hewson

A pre-Easter wedding was that of the Hon. Anne Lewis, sister of Major Lord Merthyr, to Brigadier Arthur George Hewson, younger son of the late Captain G. Hewson, and Mrs. Hewson, of Dromahair, Co. Leitrim. They were married very quietly in London. Mrs. Hewson was Master and Joint-Master of the Monmouthshire for four years

mechanism to their new pilots. Was cheerfully dressed, rather like a vamp in silent-picture days: very slinky, with tracts of fur in unexpected places.

Young men included Mr. Wingfield Digby and Mr. Ivan Scott.

In Trains and Restaurants

MISS ZENA DARE lives outside London, and comes up and down from Windsor every day. Nice to be in the country: but she thinks that for bombing one is really better off in London, where at least there are masses of people eager to help the victims, ready with nice cosy stretchers and such, whereas at isolated country places



At the Lavery Memorial Exhibition: Miss Thelma Cazalet

Miss Thelma Cazalet, M.P., went to the private view of the memorial exhibition of paintings by Sir John Lavery, which is now at the Leicester Galleries. She was photographed beside "The Putting Green, North Berwick." She is the buyer this year for the Contemporary Arts Society, and a member of the Council for the Encouragements of Music and the Arts

you have to be prepared to deal with your own dreary incendiary or ruin from start to finish, probably, as she said, armed with a dustbin lid, and wearing a chiffon night-dress and fur coat.

John Gielgud, another *Dear Brutus* performer, was out dining happily, smoking a cigarette in a long holder. The new curious hours for plays must be a joy to actors who enjoy dining.

Art

MR. CHAIM SCHREIBER is Polish, and he has taken infinite trouble fitting together masses of little bits of coloured and polished wood to make some pretty pictures now on show at Harrods. There is a battleship dashing through the sea, which is very nice: the sky is all one piece of grey wood, grained like old-fashioned bathroom doors (what elaborate whorls in yellowy paint the local decorator used to execute!), but most of the stuff is extremely intricate; he must be very clever indeed with his fingers. A horse's face broods benignly, almost each hair separate, and there is the King too, his medal ribbons looking simply splendid.

Another artist is Major Edward Seago, well known for his pictures of horses and country scenes. He was in London for a few hours lately, choosing some of his pictures to send to the selection committee of the Royal Academy. He has very little time for painting now, but has done a few portraits of his brother-officers and well-known Generals, portraits being a fairly new, but most successful, departure for him, although he has done many equestrian conversation pieces, especially in America.

Lord Queenborough

LORD QUEENBOROUGH does splendid work for the Royal Society of St. George, whose day is rapidly approaching, when he is going to broadcast an introduction to Admiral of the Fleet Lord Chatfield's address on England. He is being presented with a mobile kitchen by the yachtsmen of America (is Commodore of the Royal Thames Yacht Club), and Mr. Gerard Lambert, leading American yachtsman, is selling his yacht, the *Yankee*, and presenting the proceeds to Lord Queenborough towards a Spitfire.

Fraus in Frills

SOMEONE said that Molyneux's Paris business is going strong. If so, who are the customers? Is the German New Woman reverting to common or garden frivolous femininity, and trimming her sturdy, sun-browned frame with irrelevant Frenchness, or are Parisians being allowed to carry on as usual, using the nice new marks for money? If stricken French can still procure their spring Molyneux, other issues will surely seem less significant to them.

In spite of constant urgings never to buy anything except Savings Certificates, there are some nice cheering spring clothes to be seen about here, too. But perhaps young men should be encouraged to give their girl friends not orchids, but Savings Certificates to pin to their lapels.

Zena Daysh

THIS young woman has been in the news a good deal lately, and probably will be a great deal more in the future. No one with so much zing can remain unnoticed for long. Physical culture—for long better appreciated by our enemy than by ourselves—is her mission, and one she knows all about.

She is young, very pretty, with enormous blue eyes, and comes from New Zealand, where she got going a series of fencing clubs. But it was over here that she had her original training, in all kinds of dancing, fencing, exercises and massage. Now her line is handing people back their long-lost figures, by means of the last two, and preserving their lissomness practically indefinitely, so there will be no more sad old hags around, but dowagers stepping out on equal terms with chorus girls.

Gentleman from Siam

THE land of twins and cats has supplied me with a very vivacious example of the latter. Picturing a large, dignified cat walking chicly about on the end of a brightly-coloured lead and biting the less nice people in restaurants, I undertook a kitten, which is small, undignified, noisy, rampageous, all over the place and requires unwarlike things like raw beef and glucose every few hours. Presumably, however, it is the raw material of the above-mentioned



A Military Wedding

Captain Andrew Thorne, Grenadier Guards, eldest son of Lieut.-General and the Hon. Mrs. Thorne, of the Deanery, Sonning, Berks, and cousin of Lord Penrhyn, was married at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks, to Miss Joscelyne Verney, only daughter of Lieut.-Col. Sir Ralph and Lady Verney, of the Old Vicarage, Badminton, Glos. Capt. George Thorne, Grenadier Guards, was best man to his brother.

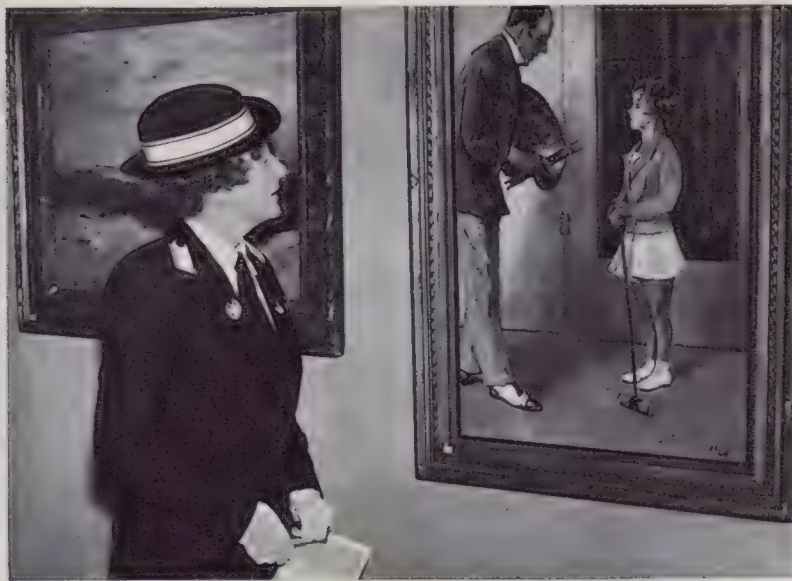
noble animal, and will turn out well if we both survive the intervening months.

In a way, twins would have been more practical, because at least they would have had each other, while the kitten, unless I organise constant parties for it, only has me, with a limited number of limbs and features to be scratched to the bone. But it has a very grand pedigree, full of resounding names like "Sir Martin de Listinoise," and with champions written in red ink.



Portrait of Lady Lavery, and the Artist's Granddaughter

Mrs. William Blackwood, one of the late Sir John Lavery's granddaughters, looked at "The Red Book," a portrait of the late Lady Lavery painted in 1923. A startling contrast in artistic styles bewildered some visitors who passed through the Paul Klee exhibition in the outer room on their way to see the Lavery show



Lady Swaythling Admires Her Hollywood Hostess

When Lady Swaythling visited Hollywood, she was the guest of Shirley Temple, so looked with special interest at Lavery's painting of himself with the child star done when he was in Hollywood in 1936. It is another of the fifty-three pictures in the Leicester Galleries exhibition. Lady Swaythling was wearing the uniform of the St. John Ambulance Brigade, of which she is vice-president

A Charity Party at Claridge's

Another delightful dance and party has been given in aid of a war charity, on this occasion to add to the funds for Mobile Cinemas for the Forces. It took place at Claridge's, and was got up by Lady O'Neill and the Hon. Mrs. Freddie Cripps, who invited all their friends and relations to bring parties. A very large number responded to the call, and came along to help the cause and at the same time to have a very enjoyable evening

Photographs by Swaabe



A Canadian military band provided the music for the evening's entertainment, and produced its own crooner, who was a great success

Right: Lady O'Neill, one of the organisers of the party, sat between Captain Shand (left) and Mr. Tim Bishop, brother of Lady George Scott. The latter is a subaltern in a well-known cavalry regiment

Below, left: Mr. E. de Cazenove, Lady Jane Pleydell-Bouverie, eldest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Radnor, Mr. M. Harker, Miss J. Bucknill, Mr. T. Ridpath, the Hon. Patricia White, Lord Fairfax, Miss Diana Gilmour, Mr. Lumley Savile, Miss M. James and the Hon. Peregrine Fairfax. Lady Jane Pleydell-Bouverie was the hostess of this jolly party

Below, right: Lady Rothschild, formerly Miss Barbara St. John Hutchinson, chats to the Prime Minister's daughter-in-law, the Hon. Mrs. Randolph Churchill, who is Lord and Lady Digby's daughter



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One of the "gallery": Mrs. "Jo" Wood, a member of the Myopia Hunt, one of America's oldest packs, followed the Aiken Drag Hunt at Aiken, South Carolina, mounted on her white charger. She lives at Hamilton, Mass., the country home of many fashionable Bostonians



Debutante Joint-Master: Miss Dolly von Stade, daughter of the head of the Polo Association of the United States, is the Joint-Master of the Aiken Drag Hunt. Her father is known to polo enthusiasts all over the world, and his good-looking family of eight sons and daughters are all keen on riding and hunting



A Drag Hunt at Aiken, South Carolina

(Left)

Hunting enthusiasts: Mrs. Arthur Iselin, whose daughter is a notable sculptress of racehorses, was at the meet with Mr. Willing Spencer, who used to hunt regularly at Pau. He owns a house in Paris which, as far as he can ascertain, is still intact



A buggy driver: Mrs. Norrie Sellar is married to a Scots-American, a cousin of the Marchioness of Graham (formerly Miss Isabel Sellar) and of Lady Camoys. Cars are not allowed out with the Aiken Drag, and the "gallery" must follow on foot, on horseback or in a buggy. Mrs. Sellar favours the latter, and has a very smart turn-out



Mother of polo-players: Mrs. Fitch Gilbert belongs to one of the old sporting families of America who are well represented round about Aiken, the most horsey and sporting winter place in the Eastern States. She is the mother of the polo-playing Bostwick brothers, who have ridden so often in England



Two more in a buggy: Mrs. Regan McKinney, whose husband was the finest gentleman rider in the United States, is herself a celebrated horsewoman. She follows the Drag in a buggy with her sister-in-law, Mrs. Gregory MacIntosh



Followers on foot: a couple who were at the meet and followed on foot were Miss Sybil Wiggan and Mrs. "Pete" Bostwick. The latter's husband, a clever rider over the sticks, has ridden several times in the Grand National at Aintree, and, luckier than some, has always finished the course

Standing By ...

(Continued)

that since the R.A. allowed Sir Joshua's house in Leicester Square to be demolished a little time ago without a single protesting squeak, it is going a bit haywire, not to say (as a chap at the Arts Club said to us some time ago) bloody-minded.

The violent contrast between that Hitler painting and, say, the blank winsome pan of Lady X., or a flock of Sussex sheep at sunset, is calculated to give many of the *vieilles perruques* among the Academy public heart-disease (and maybe that's the idea?). It would be far kinder to get artists to mix it, leading up to the diabolism, so to speak, by gentle degrees.

What we mean is that the usual pictures of Lamorna Cove should have devils roosting in the trees instead of birds. Witches should leer from behind the shoulder of Sir Gorgius Midas, K.C.B., the Dean of Barchester should have a background of strange demoniac grotesques, mopping and mowing, like that marvellous little Goya in the National Gallery, and round the sleek head of every wide-eyed deb should fly two-headed furry monsters. And even then some froward sourpusses wouldn't put down a shilling to see it, maybe.

Message

A PASSING remark by one of the gossip-boys on the systematic looting of works of art, as well as everything else, in Poland and other Nazi-occupied countries, made us wonder what is happening at Louvain, where the University Library was restored and reopened only about fifteen years ago after the Boche had been forced to cough up most of the precious books and priceless manuscripts he had stolen by the thousand, after half-murdering the place. These restitutions, with gifts from Great Britain, France, America, and even Japan, and a wad of Rockefeller dollars, brought the great library nearly back to normal again. Is the Boche now re-grabbing the loot with a cynical guffaw, one wonders?

Louvain has a highly sardonic message for 1941. You may recollect that Latin tablet inscribed "*Destroyed by Teutonic ferocity, restored by American generosity*" which was put up on the new buildings. Immediately all the Be-Kind-to-Poor-Dear-Germany aunts of England, America and darkest Scandinavia set up such a howl of pain and indignation that the Rector of Louvain was kind or weak or maybe scared enough to take the tablet down.

The same howls and mewing noises will infallibly be heard in due course from the half-baked, though this time, one fervently hopes, somebody will go round with a tiny ivory hammer tapping them firmly on the chignon and saying "Shut it!" in all the Nordic languages. However, this time some of the Scandinavians will have had a taste of Bochery at first-hand, and the blonde aunties of those parts may have changed their minds, to coin a word.

Pal

IF Mr. Walt Disney, that genius, can only keep the Hollywood syrup-mongers out of his script department, his forthcoming film of the Life and Stories of Hans Andersen should be tops.

A very old lady who died in Oslo about five years ago described Hans Andersen, whom she knew, as lazy, vain, difficult, irritable, and given to peevish tears; which makes this exquisite satiric artist even more lovable, in our unfortunate view, than

a Hollywood vision in a pure white toga and pink floodlight, surrounded by the birdies. But even if somebody discovered that Andersen was a horrible Bronx money-lender named Solly H. Schweinbaum, it wouldn't diminish our affection for him and all the lost lovely things of childhood he stands for (and we trust you met him in the same edition, with the quaint little fat mid-Victorian illustrations?). He stayed in bed far too long, the censorious old lady said, and if he didn't get enough flattery at parties he'd cry. A delightful character; we read him constantly, as these sunny notes reveal.

Contrariwise—

How far German sadism is traceable to the influence on the German nursery of the fairy-tales collected by Andersen's chief rivals, the Brothers Grimm, Sir Robert Vansittart didn't mention in his recent valuable exposé of the German mind. All those witchcrafts and cannibalisms and beatings and choppings and general brutality (compare *Strüwelpeter*) can't be too good for tiny Uebermensch, we imagine.

Urge

NOW hoarse-voiced swans crash trumpeting over the pools, now open skies renew the year and yaffle under Gumber,

calls, now the first tiny snowdrops poke up their little heads, now birds seek their mates, now shall he love who never loved before, and now—among other harbingers of Spring—rural postmen are getting restive and chucking letter-bags over hedges, as one did again the other day, telling the policeman he couldn't be bothered.

This vernal restlessness which now and then lands passionate postmen in the can is not, a psychologist tells us, due entirely to Spring stirring in postal blood, but, in normal times, to a moral revolt against the lies and trash these honest public servants are forced to hump round in their bags all day long: company-prospectuses and patent-medicine ads, letters from business men to blondes and vice-versa, week-end "bread and butter" letters, moneylenders' and betting-touts' circulars, publishers' catalogues, lawyers' bills, wedding-present acknowledgments, letters from and to M.P.s, yes-men, actresses, fortune-hunters, foxhunters, place-hunters, tuft-hunters, and all the rest of it.

Even the harmless 5 per cent. of the average contents of a postman's bag worries and puzzles him to some extent, added this psychologist. A postman just can't think what on earth the Island Race can find to write to each other about, nor can anybody else. It is a great mystery.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"I'll raise you sixpence"

Old Bill Goes East: By Bruce Bairnsfather



“’Ere, less noise! They’ll spot me in a minute!”



The Show-room is full of chairs and stools and screens made in the School workshops and covered with School embroidery. From these models customers get inspiration for their own needles



Wools and silks are in charge of Miss Beams, the stock-keeper. The School has amassed, through legacies and the purchase of old collections, a wonderful range of old silks and wools which are used for repair work



Service badges—154 of them—have been embroidered at the Royal School of Needlework as patterns for a firm of wholesale embroiderers. Miss Racey pauses in her stitching of a Coldstream Guards badge to confer with the head of the School, Lady Smith-Dorrien

The Royal School of Needlework

Now Also the Centre of the Officers' Families Fund Clothing Branch

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick

War work takes many forms, the latest being the distribution of clothing for the Officers' Families Fund. Below, Lady Smith-Dorrien goes through some of the gifts with Mrs. Greenway and Mrs. Turpin. Mrs. Turpin has a wonderful record as a voluntary worker: she never missed a day's work with Lady Smith-Dorrien throughout the whole of the last year





Repair of needlework of all periods and styles is a speciality. Here Miss Senior fills the gaps in an old and worn treasure of embroidery which had been sent to the School for restoration

The Royal School of Needlework, founded by Princess Christian in 1852, goes from strength to strength. On the one hand, it continues its normal functions of teaching, designing and repair and the supply to women of all ages and temperaments of materials for a peaceful and creative occupation which has a particularly strong wartime appeal. On the other hand, it does several kinds of war work of its own. The latest of its duties is to act as the Clothing Branch of the Officers' Families Fund. Lady Smith-Dorrien, the Principal of the School, is president of the Branch, and she and Lady Violet Astor, president of the Fund, made an appeal in *The Times* last week both for money and gifts of clothing, especially children's clothing, and cots and perambulators. The Queen and Queen Mary have both approved and sent donations to this new O.F.F. Branch at the Annexe, Exhibition Road

Designs, period and modern, are created in the School's design-room, under a design-master. Below is Miss Racey with some of the translations. Many clients have designs made to their own ideas, and often want family legends or anecdotes illustrated for embroidery



Head of the Royal School of Needlework for the last nine years is Lady Smith-Dorrien, D.B.E., widow of General Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien. His portrait hangs above the fireplace in Lady Smith-Dorrien's flat in Exhibition Road, close to the School. She is herself a fine needlewoman and an artist in tapestry work, and won the Coronation Medal for work done in Westminster Abbey in 1937



Willows by the Village Stream at Charlton, in Worcestershire

J. Dixon-Scott

Sheep and Lambs in a Devon Valley, near Coryton

J. Dixon-Scott



Spring

Nothing is so beautiful as spring
 When weeds, in wheels, shoot
 lovely and lush;
 Thrush's eggs look little like
 and thrush
 Through the echoing timber
 rinse and wring
 The ear, it strikes like lightning
 him sing;
 The glassy pear-tree leaves and
 they brush
 The descending blue; that blue
 a rush
 With richness; the racing lambs
 fair their fling.

Gerald Manley



Blossom at Hawkley, in the Hampshire Highlands

With Silent Friends

By Richard King

Story of a Convent School

NEARLY all sudden and violent reaction to a psychological disturbance is fraught with danger and disaster. The man who takes to drink because he has been disappointed in his ambition; the woman who marries the "other man" because the man she loves loves somebody else; the young who, when their early religious upbringing does not fit in with their more adult discoveries, become violently atheistic; even the child who kicks against the pricks of discipline by kicking more furiously still—all these, and they are just a few examples of reaction to psychological disturbance—live to regret it. You may hate your fate, but fate is just one of those objects against which it is foolish to take revenge. It simply cannot be done. Resignation is just about the only attitude that is a kind of forlorn weapon, and this, perhaps, is why most elderly people in repose look disappointed and rather bitter.

In fact, just about the only real consolation is the ultimate knowledge that whichever way things had turned out the result would have been disillusioning. Life refuses to stay put on any peak; or, for that matter, in any depth. And, maybe, if only we knew our own goal and refused point-blank to be turned from the pathway either by sentiment or jealousy or fear, we might attain a kind of permanent substitute for happiness, albeit a dreary-looking one. But most of us don't know our own goal until it is too late to attain it; and the average life consists in trying desperately to find the nearest

exit rather than to blaze the trail. So we are always seeking to escape, rather than to advance.

Escapes, however, rarely get us anywhere, alas! Even when fate gives us a series of weapons with which to fight we usually throw them away, always unconsciously, and make straight for the nearest bolt-hole. But no bolt-hole was ever a way out, and certainly it was never a way in—at least, not a way in to anywhere in particular or anything in the least bit permanently satisfying. That is why violent reactions to psychological disturbances merely lead to a more prolonged discomfort. A bolt-hole may provide safety for a time, but it would be tragic to live in one—unless safety were the only motto which guided our consequently dull life.

Kate O'Brien's new novel, *The Land of Spices* (Heinemann; 8s. 6d.), is the story of a woman who sought a bolt-hole in a religious life when she discovered that her much-beloved father, whom she respected, whom she trusted, whom she almost worshipped, was addicted to that vice which is termed unnatural, but is really only abnormal. The shock of that discovery made her plunge headlong into that purely religious life whose vows are unbreakable and, so to speak, lock the door against a woman's normal life for so long as she lives.

Judgment and Loss

IT was only when she was an elderly woman, the Reverend Mother of a famous convent school in Ireland, that she

realised how unwise it is to judge people, whatever they may do or are. To a certain extent she had ruined her own happiness by condemning a parent whose other qualities were both lovable and brilliant. However, she was a woman of character. She had fitted herself into the life she had chosen—deliberately, but without seeking to foresee exactly where it would lead her. She was a success.

Yet, although she loved the life and the good it enabled her to perform among the young and inexperienced, something very precious was missing. She had not wasted her life, but it had not given her that lovely personal relationship which alone is, so to speak, the water-spring in life's desert. Her father had been the only human being she had ever loved, and, judging him without consideration, she had killed that love. For what? For one side of his character over which he was as powerless—if the truth must be told—as if he had all the attributes of a saint, or, if you will, a confirmed criminal.

Youth, however, demands perfection in its idols. It is only when life has battered us out of all youthful recognition and we have learned to know ourselves, the good as well as the bad in us, without shame or remorse, that we learn to judge others from a like standard. Realising that if 80 per cent. of a man or woman's character is lovely, we should go on our knees to thank Heaven for bringing us into personal contact with one probably finer, except in a few respects, than we are ourselves.

Life in a Convent School

THERE is something strangely attractive in Miss O'Brien's description of life in a convent school. Her own shrewd observation, her quiet humour, her remarkable delineation of diverse characters, always keep her story from being one which only Roman Catholics will enjoy. It is a little world, maybe, but it has high ideals of usefulness and it is as glorious and as petty as life in a row of houses. There is anger in this convent world, and jealousy, and snobbery, and easily-believable silliness; but it has an ideal, and when this ideal is attained it has beauty and a great dignity. I should not like to live in such a world myself, but there is an extraordinary feeling of restfulness, in spite of the personal agitations that afflict the inmates at certain times, which is comforting and beautiful. And every individual is a definite personality, even when the final effect is rather absurd.

Two characters in the story, however, stand out and, to a certain extent, are inter-related. That of the elderly Reverend Mother and that of the girl Anna, who is intellectual and reserved and bewildered by life, as life is revealed to her in her home circle and in the death of her brother, whom she loved more than



Viscount Lascelles



The Hon. Gerald David Lascelles

Here are the latest portraits of the two sons of the Princess Royal and the Earl of Harewood. Viscount Lascelles (christened George Henry Hubert), the elder, was eighteen in February. The Hon. Gerald David Lascelles will be seventeen in August. Both are at Eton

Speaight



In the unpacking room :
Mrs. de la Rue, Mr.
O'Neill, Mr. Thomas Griffin

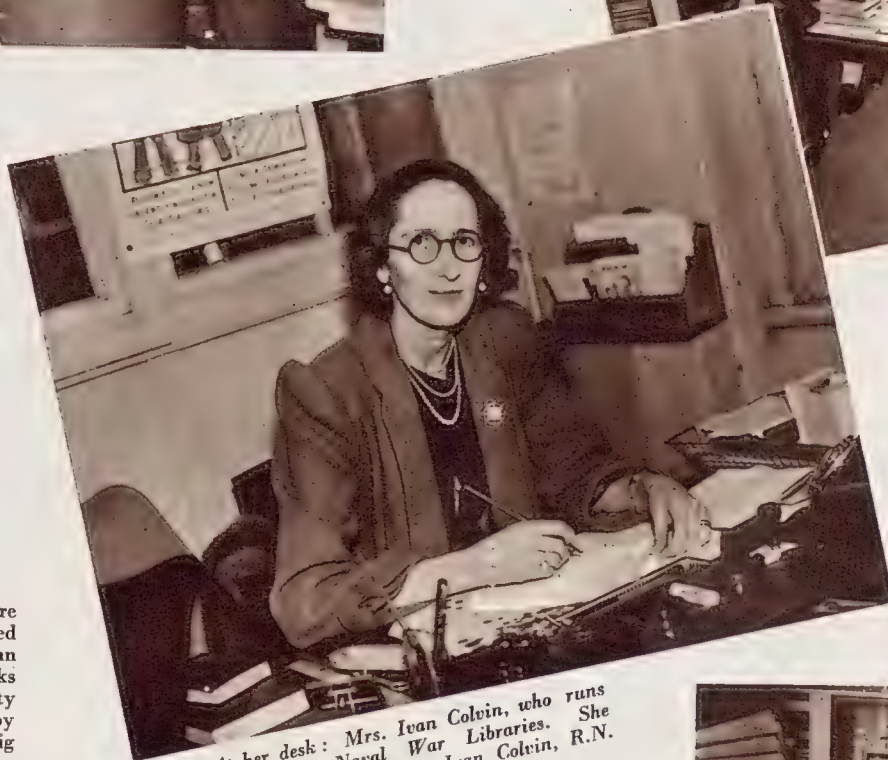


In the library : Mrs. Hall, Miss
Mason and Lady Pemberton

Books for Sailors

Unpacking, Sorting and Packing the Royal Naval War Libraries

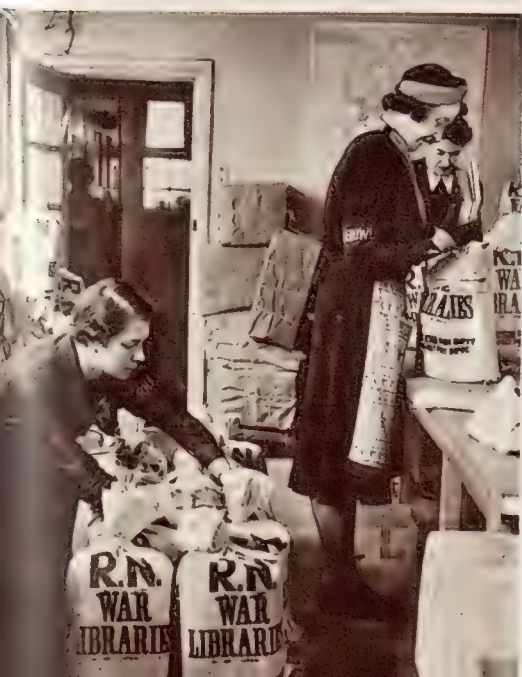
The Royal Naval War Libraries were started in the last war, and were revived to war strength when this one began by Mrs. Ivan Colvin. Sacks of books and magazines are now sent to fifty ports, where they are called for by destroyers and smaller ships, the big ships having their own libraries on board. In under a year, Mrs. Colvin's organisation has distributed nearly three hundred thousand books from its headquarters in King William IV. Street



At her desk : Mrs. Ivan Colvin, who runs
the Royal Naval War Libraries. She
is the wife of Captain Ivan Colvin, R.N.

In the packing room : Miss Rawlinson,
Mrs. Arbuthnot, Miss Allen Ford

On the van : Miss Chambers, deputy
organiser, Mrs. Ivan Colvin, Mr. Ross



In the magazine room : Mrs. Arbuth-
not, Miss Russell Smith, Miss
Rawlinson, Mrs. Allen Ford

With Silent Friends

(Continued)

anyone else in the world. The elder woman realised the one big mistake she had made in her life by judging harshly and without true knowledge, and, in her quiet but determined way she fought for the girl whose true bent was being thwarted by the pride and selfishness and ignorance of her family, all of whom, except her drunken father, wanted to mould her destiny according to their own ideas.

These two characters, one almost old, the other very young, lend the story a definite plot. Otherwise it is rather a book whose chief attraction is its "atmosphere," its background, and its brilliantly clever drawing of character. In a quiet, restful way I enjoyed it from beginning to end. And I shall remember it long, long after I have forgotten a thousand stories which depend entirely on excitement and sex.

Thoughts from "The Land of Spices"

"If a girl sees liberty as the greatest of all desirables, she will have to spin it out of herself as the spider its web."

"A thing isn't really terrible unless you've planned to do it against somebody else."

"As love grows anxious it grows deep. But there is little that love can do—the best of its goodness often being to keep still."

"Information won't give me a soul, but it may mature one. There's no defence like a full mind."

"The Irish like themselves and thrive on their own psychological chaos."

Charming Little Story

"CUCKOO GREEN" (Collins; 8s.), by Miss Ann Stafford, is really and truly the story of a house. Not an old house; not a house which "dates back" and is almost surfeited with ghosts and memories. Just a new house which was built by Ursula Mannering as a background to her new-found happiness and which discovered for her, so to speak, a whole lot of people and incidents which had nothing whatever to do with her original intention. So before this charming little story comes to an end the house had its own ghosts and a personality peculiar to itself—without which no house is worthy of being lived in. And this, incidentally, must make it very difficult to achieve if it be one of those modern houses all chromium plate and windows resembling nothing so much as a prolonged cocktail-bar.

For instance, before Ursula had properly settled down in her new abode fate sent her down a few evacuees and a lovesick girl, both difficult problems for anybody to tackle unless they face up to life fairly and squarely and refuse to yearn after the "frills" of existence. However, this "facing-up" most of the characters achieve, while even the fools proffer entertainment. So they are either refreshing to meet or funny, and you

can't ask more than this from any group of comparative strangers.

Yet it is the house which really matters, and it is the house which has as much "character" as anyone in the story. You get to love the little house, and this love for the house spreads itself over the inhabitants. So that you come to the end of a charming little tale with real regret—like drawing the black-out curtains while it is still daylight and the twilight becoming more beautiful minute by minute.

Indeed, *Cuckoo Green* struck me as being rather like a nice little holiday in a world which yearns for a nice little holiday more than anything else, but has almost forgotten what it feels like to enjoy one.

Good, but Disappointing

"THE CORPSE ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE" (Cassell; 8s.), by Nigel Morland, is, as its title suggests, a murder-cum-mystery yarn. Unfortunately, the story never quite recovers from the murder and the "mystery" is rather overwhelmed by it. For the crime has very little original mystery about it at all, and yet the rest of the story has to deal with the problem and make it as full of red-herrings as need be. Consequently, one has the impression that Mr. Morland is being deliberately baffling without deceiving anybody but himself. And not even the stalwart and usually delightful "female copper in pants," Mrs. Pym, can make us forget that we are spun round and round and then left to walk a straight line for no real purpose.

Nevertheless, if you are a detective-story "ardent," you will enter into the spirit of Mr. Morland's just a little too deliberate game and enjoy yourself accordingly. But he has written better stories, all the same.

More American History in Fiction

I ALWAYS think it is rather a pity that all novels which deal with American history in fictional form must be so inordinately long. *Raleigh's Eden* (Hutchinson; 10s. 6d.), by Inglis Fletcher, is so drawn-out, so full of



"Borzoï" in America

Igor Schwetoff, dancer, choreographer and author of "Borzoï," is now in America. Soon after war began he joined the original (Colonel de Basil's) Ballet Russe, and has created a ballet for them—"Lutte Eternelle," to Schumann's *Etude Symphonique*—which was a tremendous success in Australia and California, and caused much controversy during the recent New York season.

characters and the cross-currents of events, domestic and political, that life, in its present mood, seems too short to read it word by word. Nevertheless, it is an interesting story, and most of it grips the imagination.

The scene is North Carolina before and during the revolutionary war, and many historical characters play their parts in the development of the plot. Otherwise the chief figure is that of Adam Rutledge, a young planter, who takes no interest in politics and concentrates solely on the development and improvement of his land. However, a tragic incident turns his mind towards politics, especially the unjust taxation, and he begins to devote his time and thought to the affairs of the colony. The author cleverly shows the gradual hostility towards the British Government, which began as a kind of forlorn resignation and developed into active rebellion.

So much for the political aspect of the story. The purely personal side concerns Adam's personal life and that of his wife, Sara—one of those women who get their way by being an invalid and through their physical weakness gain their own ends. And of his child by an Arabian slave-girl, and especially of his love for Mary Warden, a neighbour. It is an interesting story, well told and exciting. But if it had been considerably shorter its many virtues would have been far more obvious.



Author of "The Battle of Britain"

Mr. H. St. George Saunders is the author of a rather unusual best-seller—an official pamphlet published by the Government. "The Battle of Britain," an inspiring record of the victory won by the R.A.F. over the Luftwaffe last autumn, was written by Mr. Saunders with the help of six other members of the Air Ministry, and Mr. Nerney, the Librarian, in a couple of months. Something like 100,000 copies a day are being sold

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's"
Review of Weddings



Gossage—Morgan

Captain Terence Leslie Gossage, K.O.Y.L.I., and Diana Mary Morgan were married at St. John's, Stanmore. He is the only son of Air Marshal Sir Leslie and Lady Gossage, of 17, Kingston House South, Ennismore Gardens, S.W.7; his father is Member of Air Council for Personnel. She is the daughter of Capt. C. E. Morgan, R.N., H.M.S. Valiant, and Mrs. Morgan, of Debruma, Alverstoke, Hants.



Banbury—Russell

John Edmund Banbury, only son of the late Edmund Banbury, and Lady Beatrice Banbury, of 16, Hans Place, S.W.1, and cousin of the Earl of Essex, and Lelia Elizabeth Russell, only daughter of the late Gilbert Russell, of Sydney, Australia, and Mrs. Russell, of Crossway Cottage, Amersham, Bucks., were married at Chalfont St. Giles Church



Harlip

Mrs. J. W. D. Bull

Edith Burch was married at Fawley Church, Henley, on April 5th, to Major James William Douglas Bull, M.B., M.R.C.P., R.A.M.C., only son of Dr. and Mrs. Douglas Bull, of Stony Stratford, Bucks. She is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Burch, of Henley Park, Henley-on-Thames, Oxon.



Fayer

Mrs. F. E. Buckland

Yvonne Anson, eldest daughter of C. R. Anson, of Dogmersfield Park, Basingstoke, Hants., and the late Mrs. Anson, was married very quietly before Easter to Captain Francis Edward Buckland, R.A.M.C., only son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Buckland, of Laleham. Her mother died in February



Pritchard—Wheler

Captain Leslie Francis Gordon Pritchard, Royal Fusiliers, only son of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. H. R. N. Pritchard, at the Spa Hotel, Boscombe, Hants., and Dinah Edmée Wheler, younger daughter of Sir Trevor Wheler, Bt., and Lady Wheler, of White Gables, Amersham, Bucks., were married at St. John's, Weymouth

(Concluded on page 201)

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

His Majesty's Derby Colt

THE Royal support of the Turf in these peculiar and very troublous times, may, it is submitted, be taken to suggest that the old recipe for keeping the public happy, *panem et circenses*, has not entirely gone out of favour. It is a very fine recipe, and, such matters as the great value of our bloodstock industry quite apart, is surely one that we cannot disregard. In my quite humble submission, the mere fact that in such conditions as we find ourselves, we can still announce dates for the wartime Derby and Oaks is a most heartening factor and may tend to calm the mind of even the "dyed-in-the-wool" pessimist.

His Majesty's colt Longships, by Limelight out of Ocean Nymph, who at Nottingham ran third (a short head and two lengths) behind Mr. Grant Singer's Lynch Tor (Leighon Tor colt) and Lord Ennisdale's Rubina, is engaged in the new Two Thousand, new Derby and new Leger, and I venture to predict that it is possible he will certainly start in one or perhaps more of them. He has no two-year-old form worth talking about; he was sixth in the Dewhurst last October, won by the Hon. Mrs. Macdonald-Buchanan's Fettes, who is also engaged in the Derby, and he was also down the course in the Ixworth Stakes (7 f.) at Newmarket in November, so that this Nottingham form in a mile race is his best to date. If wishful thinking could win him the Derby at Newbury on June 6th, he is already home and dry. But I think we have got to see a bit more of him before we let optimism run riot.

There is no ante-post market these days to give us any indication of what the pundits are thinking. Only one thing is certain, namely, that no one is in the least afraid of the Big Bad Wolf—and that is very much to the good. Merry Wanderer, his Majesty's other colt, who also ran at Nottingham, is not engaged in any of the new classics.

A Victory Deferred?

IN referring to any future event, particularly where the turf is concerned, it is always prudent in these days to preface things by saying "provided always. . . ." The Southern Plate, the substitute for the Greenham Stakes usually run at Newbury, having been transferred under the new Jockey Club rule from the abandoned Salisbury Meeting to the Nottingham card on Easter Monday, it is quite probable that the Hon. Peter Beatty's Keystone (the



Red Cross Table Tennis

Two well-known lawn tennis players, Miss Jean Nicoll and Sergeant Eric Filby, R.A.F.V.R., were partners in the mixed doubles at the International Table Tennis Tournament held at Seymour Hall, Marylebone, in aid of the Duke of Gloucester's Red Cross and St. John Fund

Rosetta filly) will have done that which she was expected to do on April 3rd. The Official Handicapper very rightly regarded her as the best two-year-old of her sex. She is engaged in the One Thousand and the Oaks, but unfortunately not in the Leger, which, as usual (we hope), will be run in the "Mares' Month." Keystone is by Umidwar, and won both her two-year-old engagements, the Osterley Stakes at Hurst Park very easily and the new Cheveley Park Stakes at Nottingham quite comfortably by one and a half lengths, ridden on both occasions by Gordon Richards. She started a hot favourite in both these races, and I should not think that she will have been very easy to back in the Southern Plate. Mr. Beatty is always dubbed a "lucky" owner, but there may have been something more in it than luck when he bought Bois Roussel, who brought off that 20-to-1 shot in the Derby of 1938, when he came like a shell out of a gun less than a quarter of a mile from home and left the favourite Pasch (9 to 4) and Scottish Union (8 to 1) absolutely standing still. He won by four lengths. Scottish Union subsequently won the Leger, in which Bois Roussel was not engaged.

Disturbing the Ghosts

THE ploughing up of our English battlefields has probably commenced, since the announcement of the intention so to do was made about a fortnight ago. The "fields" will, presumably, include Bosworth, and it is to be hoped that nothing untoward has happened to the ploughmen, for in that spot there lurks, near Sutton Ambion, a very dangerous and bloody-minded shade.

"King Dick's Well" is quite close to Sutton Ambion covert, one of the favourite draws of the Atherstone, and it was there that Richard pitched his tent and had that horrible dream so dramatically pictured for us by Shakespeare. Whether on the night before the battle all the ghosts of Richard's victims, from Prince Edward and Henry IV. down to the little Princes in the Tower paraded before him or not, the country folk in those parts have still the feeling that the unquiet spirit of "the bloody dog" is hovering about, and they are averse from doing anything to annoy him. Ploughing, I should think, might make Richard III. very cross.



Founders' Day at Harrow: Parents and Sons Watch the Football Match

In spite of the war many old boys and parents turned up at the Founders' Day celebrations at Harrow. John Boyd, Mrs. Boyd, Flt.-Lieut. A. D. Boyd, Miss Boustead, M.T.C., Flt.-Lieut. Sobels (of the Dutch Navy), and Miss Margaret Kent Williams were amongst those watching the football match



After the football match between past and present Harrovians, the customary commemoration service was held in the School Chapel. Snapped walking to the football ground are Mrs. R. R. W. Jackson, J. P. Foster, Major R. R. W. Jackson and his son P. R. W. Jackson

It was in Sutton Ambion Wood that Richard's cavalry got bogged, and he had his horse killed under him quite close to it. The Atherstone Hounds have very often run across the very spot where the wicked but brave King offered that exorbitant price for a remount. I think that it is asking for a lot of trouble to disturb this malevolent wraith, for he is sure to want to get a bit of his own back.

Then Edgehill

THESE regions are no more likely to be spared from the plough than is Bosworth Field, and if anyone is disinclined to believe that there are no ghosts quite likely to turn sour if disturbed, I suggest that they do not say so to any of the local inhabitants of either region. As each October 23rd comes round, the people of Kineton will tell you they can distinctly hear the blades of Rupert's cavalry ringing on the Ironsides' headpieces, and the Warwickshire hounds, so the folks do say, start throwing their tongues when they hear the thud of Rupert's charging squadrons and the yelling and cussing which always went with the old-time cavalry v. cavalry encounter.

I cannot vouch for this personally, but a fox-hunting-mad little Admiral, who lived in Kineton, has told me that he has often sallied forth in the hope of meeting some of these warriors, and inducing them to have a chat about that bloody scrap of 1642. Perhaps if the present Lord Essex had a try, he might have better luck, for his ancestor was in command of Cromwell's troops.

Border Ghosts

UP on the Border, in the Buccleuch country, the whole region is thickly populated by the warlike spectres dating from Otterburn (1388) to Ancrum Moor (1545), the action at which the Maid of Lilliard, whose lover the English had slain,



A.A. Boxing Championships

Lieut.-Gen. Sir Frederick Pile, Bt., D.S.O., M.C. (centre), G.O.C.-in-C. of the A.A. Command, watched the contests in the Anti-Aircraft Divisional Boxing Championships at Seymour Hall, W.I., with Maj.-Gen. Whittaker (left). Lieut.-Gen. Pile was formerly Assistant Director of Mechanisation at the War Office, and commanded the Canal Brigade at Ismailia, Egypt, for four years.

behaved with such great gallantry. It is related of her that "when her legs were cut off she fought upon her stumps." They put up a memorial pillar in her honour, and it stands not far from where Lord George Scott (the senior) lives.

The Borderers will not have it that all these fighting people do not return now and again, and they say that you can sometimes see the beacon fires on the Eildon Hills a-burning, and warning of trouble as they were wont to do of old. All the foregoing facts are merely put forward to let any ploughman know what he may be up against.

I say nothing about any possibility of trouble with Michael Scott the Magician, or Thomas the Rhymer (Thomas of Erceldoune), who is still held fast in the toils of the Faerie Queen who lives in a cave below one of the three Eildon Hills, which, incidentally, were built by the pet devil of Michael the Magician. It all seems a bit risky and uncomfortable!

Bad Winner, Worse Loser!

THE truculence of the backer of a long sequence of winners is a very familiar condition of mind to all of us who may gamble upon racehorses, cards and what-not, and equally we have all had the opportunity of witnessing what happens to him when things go the other way.

Once upon a time there was an otherwise perfectly charming little general, who could not bear losing at bridge. Upon one occasion, when more than usually steamed up by a succession of Yarboroughs, he took the ace of spades out of the pack, tore it up into little bits, and then proceeded to eat them.

It is a thousand pounds to a hayseed upon Public Enemy No. 1 doing something similar very shortly. He has already shown himself to be a very bad winner.

An Age-Long Wrangle

AS to what is and what is not verse has been a sore subject time out of mind, so it is, therefore, in no way surprising to find the argument at almost fever heat in the columns of one of our most revered brethren of the Fourth Estate. Who is there, who was classically educated, who cannot recall the horror with which his tutor regarded an iambic ending in *gar*, or a pentameter which ended up with *tunc* or *jam*? Yet to-day, if measured by modern standards, such a verse might be regarded with the utmost admiration, even though contemned by the ignorant and unlettered Philistine.



A "Frequency Allotment" at a Royal Signals Senior Officers' Course—by "Mel"

Somewhat analogous to the pancake ceremony at Westminster School is a "Frequency Allotment" carried out at a Royal Corps of Signals Senior Officers' Course. L. to r.: Capt. E. I. E. Mozley, Colonel W. S. Ashley, O.B.E., Lieut.-Colonel G. J. Underwood, T.D.; Lieut.-Colonel W. H. Lloyd, O.B.E., M.C., T.D.; Lieut.-Colonel R. H. Gem, Lieut.-Colonel W. D. J. Harries, Lieut.-Colonel G. W. Cumming, O.B.E., T.D., Lieut.-Colonel S. A. W. Philcox, and Lieut.-Colonel R. E. S. Clephan

The "Tatler and Bystander" Short Story

The Girl from the Middle-West

By James Stern

Illustration by Treyer Evans

FEW "fan" letters I ever received in Europe (and they weren't many) contained anything but abuse; so I was naturally pleased when, after nine months in this country, my first letter of this kind arrived containing not a line of insult. I was pleased, too, to see that my correspondent wrote from the Middle-West, for, since my arrival, I've not had the opportunity to travel further than fifty miles from New York. In this city—presumably because I am European—I meet innumerable Europeans; innumerable New Yorkers. "Here at last," said I, "is a real American!"

"Thank you for your most enjoyable article," the typed letter began, and once more I wondered why Americans insist on calling stories articles.

What I liked about it was that it was different. [I sighed, thinking of Fifth Avenue windows.] I am not crazy—I mean for writing you. *Explanation:* My great uncle died two years ago. Everybody loved him, and your hero was like him in that he lived and died for others. Five years before he died, he lent the money which he should have used for an operation to an elevator boy who had an idea—so he died, and everybody who had ever met or known him came to the funeral. He always sat on his rosary when he played poker—he always won. Enuf of my great uncle. If you ever have a spare minute, you could put these lines on paper: Rec'd letter. Thanx much. You'll never graduate this year if you read *Esquire* instead of Whittier.

(Miss) VIRGINIA STOCKER.

P.S. [In red ink]—Just spent my last 5 cents to bribe my room-mate to lend me her new sweater, so if this is delayed it's because I couldn't find 3 cents for a stamp.

Flattered to receive such a letter, I thanked my correspondent a little more formally than she had suggested, adding how glad I was she had enjoyed my story, in spite of the fact that I could see little resemblance between my hero and her relative; and I ended up on a note of hope that her great uncle had played a great deal of poker and that she had profited therefrom.

Hello [came her reply]. Yes, I read your article and then I happened to see your picture in the front and notice that you are from Ireland (my great uncle came from Monaghan), so I thought I'd tell you I liked your style. . . . It's fun to be young and really get a bang out of life, as I do.

Look, I'm coming to your fair town in about three weeks. I plan to stay just a day or two, after a trip to Penn., where I have to be a bridesmaid. I wish they'd wait till Spring cuz I've always wanted to be a June bridesmaid. I'll be staying probably at the Ambassador or the Lincoln Hotel. [Ah!] I'm travelling on a budget of my own money, so I'm going to have to economise. [Oh!] I promise not to take up too much of your time, but would enjoy meeting you.

VINNY.

Having corresponded so far via *Esquire* in Chicago, I now sent her my telephone number in New York, saying I would look forward to meeting her in about three weeks' time.

I must admit that when the day came my mind was not preoccupied with a Miss Stocker from a University in the Middle-West. In fact, I was about to hang up, convinced the unfamiliar voice desired another number, when I heard: "Hey, don't you remember me? I wrote you from Missouri . . . !"

Then, with a shock, I remembered. "Glad to hear you!" I stammered stupidly, not knowing what to say or think, certain only that my day was fully occupied. "How long are you staying?" I asked at last.

"Till to-morrow four o'clock."

"I'm terribly sorry," I said. "To-day's impossible. What about to-morrow morning—say, 11.30? I have to visit my agent. We might have lunch . . ." I gave her the address on Park Avenue, and the name of my agent on the twentieth floor, in case we should miss each other downstairs. "There's a bookstore on the main floor," I said. "I'll be there punctually at 11.30."

"Fine," said the voice. "How tall are you?"

"Round six feet when I'm not stooping."

"I'm four-foot-ten," she said, "and I'll be wearing a blue hat."

"I never wear a hat," I told her, "and my hair needs cutting and I'll be wearing a brown check overcoat three sizes too large for me."

"I'll be seeing you," said the voice, and we downed our receivers.

It was ten o'clock. Thinking things over, I came to the conclusion it would be better if I were to call on my agent before meeting the girl from Missouri. Accordingly, I arrived there at 10.50, to find my agent busy with someone else.

"All right," I told her secretary. "It's not important. I'll be back some other time."

I was on the point of leaving, to walk over to the International Bookstore on Times Square, when I heard a loud voice from a corner of the ante-room: "Hey, you . . . !"

I turned to see that the voice came from a female with a large red flower on her head, who was sitting alone reading a paper.

(Concluded on page 110)



"I never eat breakfast," she said, and ordered a minestone

Getting Married (Continued)



Michell—Seabrooke

Capt. Allan Edwyn Dennis Michell, East Surrey Regt., and Pamela Seabrooke, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Francis H. Seabrooke, of Gorsewood, Beaconsfield, Bucks., were married at Chelsea Old Church. His parents are Eng.-Commander and Mrs. R. A. C. Michell, of West Wood, Wootton, Isle of Wight



Vaughan-Jones—Groom

Captain E. Vaughan-Jones, R.A., son of the late Oliver Vaughan-Jones, and Mrs. Vaughan-Jones, of Sydney, Australia, and Beryl Groom, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Groom, of Northgate Hall, Warham, Norfolk, were married at Warham Parish Church



Stanton—Whish

Guy Paxton Stanton, eldest son of the late Brig.-Gen. F. H. G. Stanton, and Mrs. Stanton, of Second Hill Close, Harrow-on-the-Hill, and Joy Catherine Whish, only child of the Rev. J. A. and Mrs. Whish, of Casements, Dunsfold, Surrey, were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge



Parkes—Cole

Major G. Brian Parkes, R.A., elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Parkes, of Danecroft, Purley, Surrey, and Margery Primrose Cole, daughter of Major-General and Mrs. H. C. Cole, of 23, Knightsbridge Court, Sloane Street, S.W.1, were married at Chelsea Old Church



Mrs. Roland Essex Harlip

Joan Dampier Terry was married at Christ Church, Westminster, to Roland Essex, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Essex, of the Oaks, Shenfield, Essex. She is the younger daughter of the late F. D. Dampier Terry, and Mrs. Terry, of 28, Millbrooke Court, S.W.15



de Silva—Reynolds

Cyril Roberts de Silva, younger son of the late R. A. de Silva, and Mrs. de Silva, of Hove and Morocco, and Velia Rosemarie Betty Reynolds, only daughter of Captain Henry Reynolds, V.C., M.C., and Mrs. Reynolds, of Frederick Milner House, Leatherhead, Surrey, were married at Ashstead Parish Church



Mrs. Philip George Clarke

José Margaret Fletcher, now Mrs. Philip George Clarke, is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Fletcher, of Lenton Close, Nottingham. Her husband is the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Clive Clarke, of Thelma House, St. Ives, Hants. They were married on April 5th at Nottingham



Pearl Freeman

Way—Corson

Captain Geoffrey L. Way, R.A.M.C., son of Lieut.-Col. L. F. K. Way, of Chale, Isle of Wight, and the late Mrs. Way, and Edith Mairi Reid Corson, only daughter of the late Captain F. R. Corson and Mrs. Corson, of St. Lawrence, Isle of Wight, were married at Pennal Church



Pearl Freeman

Mrs. A. T. Darley

Elspeth Macmichael, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Neil Macmichael, of Ivybank, Campbelltown, Argyll, was married at St. Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh, to Lieut. Arthur Tudor Darley, R.N.; son of the late Com. A. T. Darley, R.N., and Mrs. O. A. Hunt, of the Vicarage, Dorking, Surrey

Air Eddies

By Oliver Stewart

The Azy Navy

AIRCRAFT-CARRIERS have been called more names than Herr Hitler himself. Naval officers used to dislike them, Air Force officers used to distrust them, laymen used to misunderstand them, experts used to belittle them, engineers used to loathe them and theorists used to condemn them.

They were held to be vulnerable, unseaworthy, indefensible and undefendable, a drag on the Fleet and a rotten platform for aircraft operation. Yet when the full story of the battle of Matapan came out about a fortnight ago, it was seen that aircraft-carriers were really the key to Admiral Cunningham's victory.

It was the series of air-launched torpedo attacks by aircraft from the Formidable (in which Rear-Admiral Boyd flew his flag) that knocked the speed off the Italian Fleet and allowed our big ships to come up and finish them off. It was an effervescing, air-and-water attack. And even before the engagement began it had been the reconnaissance aircraft from carriers that had found and fixed the Italian ships.

Union and Strength

So we come back to my favourite theme—the manner in which a striking force multiplies its power when it comprises machines working in more than one element and in close co-operation. The Royal Air Force is getting stronger every day. The Royal Navy and the Army are also getting stronger every day. But when they work in really close collaboration they become much more than three times as strong as when they work separately and independently. It is a hard lesson, especially for the air enthusiast. He is so apt to evince such a fanatic belief in his bombs—both beautiful and beastly—that he begins to think that they can win wars without the intervention of the other arms.

We are learning, however, to know better. Wavell's successes were models of triple co-operation—air, sea and land. The battle of Crete was a model of dual co-operation—air and sea. Our future successes and our future training must take their cue from these events.

The three Services must incessantly train themselves to work together with the smooth slickness of a good football team. The overriding logic

of the country itself must prevent the natural enthusiasm of officers of any one Service so exalting that Service that it becomes divorced from the other two.

Better Bomphs

I AM told that after Lord Beaverbrook's speech on the radio some few weeks ago there appeared outside the room at the Ministry of Aircraft Production of one of the officers concerned a notice bearing the chalked-up legend, "Beautiful Bombs Branch."

Anyhow, we had not long to wait to hear of those new bombs being used against the enemy. It was the Emden raid at the end of March, and the new bombs were reported as making the houses take off and fly.

All of which worries me, because so many eminent scientific workers had told me before that no new explosives were discoverable. They told me that liquid oxygen had been used extensively in blasting operations and that it was no more effective than other high explosives, and they said that all possible combinations had been tried.

Now, I have no idea what kind of explosives our new bombs use, nor do I know if their novelty lies in the explosive charge or in the casing, fusing or other components. But it does rather shake one's belief in the scientific worker when he has to go back on his own statements so soon after making them. In war it seems that the impossible is always possible when one tries hard enough. It is a point which has some



Triple Decoration

Pilot Officer Eric Lock, R.A.F., received the D.S.O., D.F.C., and Bar at a recent Buckingham Palace Investiture. He has shot down twenty-two enemy 'planes for certain—fifteen of them in nineteen days in September—and a considerable number of "possibles." He baled out three times in three weeks, once into the sea, and next day was wounded in the legs. At twenty-one he is the youngest D.S.O. of this war. He is married

bearing on the possibility or impossibility of the air-borne tank.

Paratroops

TOUGHS are not a noticeable feature of the English landscape in peacetime; but in war they suddenly appear in vast numbers and do heroic deeds. The paratroops which the War Department has belatedly formed are full of immense men with shoulders like a house and heads like those short, stubby chimney-pots that diminish in diameter towards the top.

Our paratroops—though late, owing to the earlier blindness of the War Department—are certainly extremely good. They know their job and will be a valuable asset in any special operations we may have to undertake in the future.

And I hear that the volunteers for this difficult and dangerous duty are unlimited. The whole Army seems to want to join the paratroops. As for the parachutes used, I have little information about these, but they seem to be of the static-line type.

I was experimenting with this kind of parachute in 1918. It opens automatically after the man has fallen and extended the static line, which then pulls taut and drags the canopy out of its pack.



Stuart

Officers of a Fighter Squadron Somewhere in England

Back: Pilot-Officers J. Watters, A. O. Price, D. T. M. Lumsden. Centre: Pilot-Officers K. M. Smith, E. A. Alexander, D. C. Wilde, D. V. C. Cotes-Predy, G. H. Melville-Jackson. In front: F.-O. R. F. Walker, Adjutant, Flt.-Lieut. R. M. Power, Sq.-Ldr. F. Harrison, the C.O., Flt.-Lieut. Macarthur, F.-O. W. Comber

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Letter From America

By Pamela Murray

Meet the "Gil" Winants

ANYTHING more colourless than the American Press on its new Ambassador to London can hardly be imagined. His career, including his Great War record, was tabulated, of course; his character approved; his looks likened to Lincoln; and god-speed given in a "Heaven-help-you" tone.

I have seen him described as a school-teacher, which is true in the sense that Dr. Allington was a school-teacher at one of our older schools. Mr. Winant, who does indeed look like Lincoln, with his bushy brows and piercing yet gentle gaze, and who dresses, like Lord Halifax, in black, entirely without coquetry, was a Professor at, and later the Assistant Rector of, his old school, St. Paul's, the Winchester—in some ways—of America. He could have been the Rector had he consented to take Holy Orders, which he would not do, although he is deeply religious, another point of resemblance to Lord Halifax. There are many. They are equally unself-conscious, equally sure of themselves, without the least push or vanity, and without reference to a press agent. Both are des hommes sérieux and of gentle birth.

It is true that young Winant did not have much money, though his father was a New Yorker in real estate. He is a self-made man in the sense that he made his own money. When he married a famous beauty, Constance Russell, a banker's daughter, he set out to amass as much as she had. When he had derived from oil exactly the same sum as his wife's fortune, he quit to become the Republican Governor of the State of New Hampshire, instituting many reforms. This period led to his notably liberal handling of labour changes. As owner of a fruit farm and a dairy, he can talk turkey in a quiet voice, which happens to be his greatest asset. An erudite man, with a fine library, he reads aloud delightfully to some of those who are on the "Gil" standard of friendship.

His two boys are at school, and his daughter, an ex-debutante, was a recent bride. She was at a university in Peru, of all places, but looking ahead nothing is more intelligent than to send young North Americans to "finish" in South America, and vice versa.

You will think Mrs. Winant amazingly young-looking, still very handsome and sympathique. She has always twined everyone round her little finger, in the old-fashioned phrase of Mrs. Sheffield Phelps, an inimitable American grande dame who has known his Excellency since he was knee-high to a grasshopper.

Anglo-American Alliances

DISTINGUISHED Miss Natalie Merrill, whose late father was Rector of the aforementioned St. Paul's School from 1914 till 1923, is marrying Henry Howard of New York, whose grandfather, Sir Henry, was British Minister to The Hague and to the Vatican during the Great War. Son of Mrs. "Mudge" Howard, a sturdy Manhattan personality, he is a kinsman of the Premier Duke. As he is in training at Camp Stewart, Georgia, with the 207th Coast Artillery (now anti-aircraft), the wedding-day has not been named.

Miss Eleanor Roosevelt, niece of the Eleanor, chose the Saturday before Easter to marry artist-architect Edward Elliott, whose father's home is at Brierley, Yorkshire. The bridegroom got a

fellowship at Liverpool University to carry out research at Cranbrook Academy of Art over here. The President and Mrs. Roosevelt gave the bride her coming-out dance at the White House during the winter 1938-39. A London columnist wrote so rudely and scornfully about this party that members of my profession have felt chilly in Washington ever since.

On the Racecourses

SIR VICTOR SASSOON has arrived in California from China, and is racing almost every day at Santa Anita, among the film stars.

Inaugurating a "race" round the country, the golden horse, replica of Herbert Haseltine's sculpture of King George V.'s champion shire stallion, Field Marshal V., was offered for bids to aid British War Relief at Miami Beach, where Runyon's characters are in winter quarters.

Lady Granard's sister, Mrs. Harold Phipps, and family had a superb, unexpected win at Hialiah with Shipbiscuit (by Hard Tack), who proved one of the fastest four-year-olds in the country, leading all the way, and paying more than 25-to-1. I trust that Hot Horse Herbie was on.

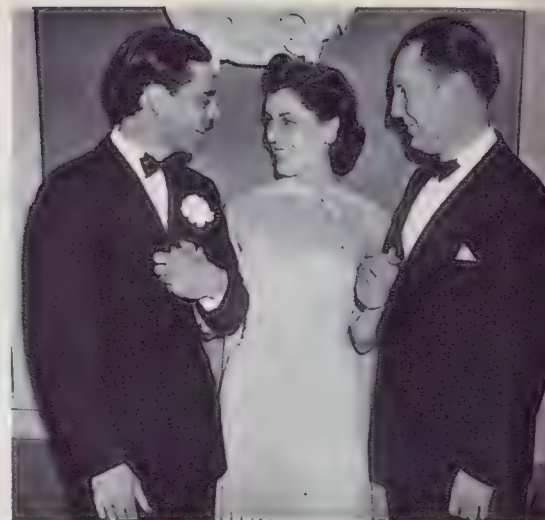
Lady Butterfield's War Work

MILWAUKEE-BORN Lady (Frederick) Butterfield, whose husband's seat is in Yorkshire, gets a great deal of help from her compatriots for a fund which cares for children of men in H.M. Forces. Her skater daughter, Carolinda Waters is helping here while at Vassar University.

In England, Lady Butterfield's chief lieutenant is Mrs. "Johnny" Page-Blair, who, with her half-American husband and baby, has "dug in" near Newbury, where she is making exquisite dresses for tiny children, and selling them to America for the Hilda Butterfield Fund. So while woollens for bombed children cross in one direction, crepes-de-Chine for million-dollar babies fly the other way.

Fashions for Refugees of England, Inc.

THIS charity, so admirably conducted by Lady Abingdon, staged a fashion show and cocktail-party at the Ritz-Carlton, proceeds going, as before, to the 100,000 refugees now in Britain from France, Belgium, Luxembourg,



Young "Barrymores"

Jack, Ethel and Samuel Colt are the three children of actress Ethel Barrymore. They were at Spivy's Roof, where their mother recently made her New York night-club debut, singing at the supper cabaret. She has also been acting in Emlyn Williams' play "The Corn is Green"

Holland, Poland, Norway and Czechoslovakia. Several brave men volunteered to announce the numeros, including Colonel Stewart Roddie and "Charlie" Creed, the Anglo-Parisian tailor, a recent arrival on these hospitable shores.

"Refugees of England" scarves, hand-painted with the emblems of the subjugated countries by nationals now in the United States, were sold under the auspices of Mrs. Julie Thompson (she and Lady Abingdon having frequented Baden-Baden together dans le temps); Mrs. Willie Rhinelanders Stewart; Mrs. Carroll Carstairs; Mrs. W. R. Hearst, Jr.; Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt; Kitty Miller; Dolly O'Brien and other best-dressed backs.

New York is Talking . . .

ABOUT the wonderfully witty, tasteful, . . . A tuneful, distinguished and glittering musical play, *Lady in the Dark*, which is so much more than a vehicle for Gertrude Lawrence, that lucky Londoner who seems to get more star material than many deeper actresses. The scenes revolve (literally) from the office of a psycho-analyst, to the office of a fashion magazine, with stunning sets, delectable clothes and glorious songs by the German refugee Kurt Weill, and an intelligent book by Moss Hart, who, having spent a lot of time with psycho-analysts in the past few years, evidently decided to get some of his money back.

. . . About the Metropolitan's major exhibition of the winter—French Painting from David to Toulouse-Lautrec—which has arrived after a goodwill tour of South America. Thank heaven, it was beyond the German range, as we hear in New York that the vandals are systematically robbing museums and private collections in Holland. Mme. Recamier, from the Musée Carnavalet, twelve masterpieces from the Louvre, and others from Rheims, Montpellier, Rouen, Versailles (the David of Bonaparte), Valenciennes, Aix-en-Provence, Bordeaux, Pau, Besançon, Montauban, Nancy, Grenoble, Marseilles, Algier, Ghent and Amsterdam have arrived safely in Central Park, where I suppose they will remain for the duration.

. . . About *War Letters from Britain*, an instant best-seller edited by Vincent Sheean and his clever young wife, Diana Forbes-Robertson. The reviews are magnificent, the sales highly satisfactory to British War Relief, which benefits directly.



Overcoat and Leg Parade

These five American beauties did a chorus-girl line-up as farewell to the overcoats they were giving to the Overcoats for Britain Fund. They are Miss Suzanne Rosenberg, chairman of the Fund, Miss Babs Hemingway (Mrs. Marshall), Mrs. Natalie Clark, Miss Virginia French and Mrs. Margaret Cochran. The Fund has already sent more than 10,000 coats to Britain

No fruit —
but the M.O. said . . .

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Speaking of Uniforms

We know that when cutters and fitters get to work on a job of which their skill and pride have made them masters, that job will be well done. Incidentally, when the war enormously enlarged our uniform section, cutters and fitters with a lifetime of experience in tailoring uniforms for the Services came to our workrooms: they came because they knew we had high standards, and their work has enabled us to maintain those standards. Our prices are not the lowest obtainable, but they represent "value" in the true meaning of that word, for our customers are buying not only good materials, but good workmanship — the quality that is almost a secret when a uniform is new and makes its old age a success.

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OF REGENT STREET

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GLASGOW, LEEDS, LIVERPOOL, MANCHESTER, NORWICH,
NOTTINGHAM, OXFORD.

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION By M. E. Brooke

Organdi in Rainbow Shades Macintoshes in Gay Colours Coats in Harris Tweed

"Backs" are very important, as they must be neat and trim. Aquascutum, 100 Regent Street, has solved the problem in this coat by introducing a semi-belt; the movements of the wearer are never handicapped. It is of checked tweed and may be copied in a variety of materials, including hand-woven Harris



There is always something of interest to be seen at the Maison Ross, 19 Grafton Street, Bond Street. There is the Blue Room for the younger woman and the Model Room for those who are seeking something of a non-committal character. It is in the latter that the dinner dress above has gone into residence. A very fine black wool material, endowed with unique wearing qualities, has been used. All monotony is broken by the trimming, which is of organdi in rainbow shades. It is arranged to emphasise the graceful lines of the figure. By the way, in the Blue Room there are practical dresses for 6½ guineas

The tweed Aquascutum coat is double-breasted; hence a front view is given as well as a back. Here also are to be seen West of England proofed coats of the swagger as well as the straight character. Some have square and others have sloping shoulders. Macintoshes in new shapes (all practical) are in very gay colours. Again there are the "Scutum" coats which always meet with success. "Corduroy" has been extensively used for slacks, destined to be seen in conjunction with short tailored coats

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Family in council

Father: Well, Mother! Balanced the budget yet?

Mother: Balanced it? Just take a look at the figures. See what I've *saved* last month.

Son: You're marvellous, Mum! How do you manage it?

Mother: Oh, I've made it my duty—saving a bit here, a bit there, giving up all sorts of things I find we can do without.

Father: That's the spirit. Every little helps. Whenever we resist the temptation to buy something we can do without, we release material and labour which is needed in the munition factories.

Mother: Exactly! We've all got to save, and in my little way, I'm doing my share.

Son: I'm afraid *I'm* not doing much . . .

Father: You ought to, my boy! When your Mother's savings reach 15/- she goes off to the Post Office to get another Savings Certificate.

Mother: Yes, I pay 15/- but in 10 years' time it will be worth 20s. 6d. That's the point!

Father: I've bought them for years now—and I've got my full ration. *Now*, my savings go into Defence Bonds.

Son: It's about time *I* got started! I'll join our Office Savings Group to-day.

Save regularly week by week. Go to a Post Office or your Bank or Stockbroker and put your money into 3% Savings Bonds 1955-1965, 2½% National War Bonds 1946-1948, or 3% Defence Bonds; or buy Savings Certificates; or deposit your savings in the Post Office or Trustee Savings Banks. Join a Savings Group and make others join with you.

Issued by The National Savings Committee, London

Women's Golf

By Eleanor E. Helme

STRANGE are the ways of one's wartime mind. In the midst of such a tremendous present, in which any future is too nebulous to be considered, trivial incidents of the past stand out with greater clarity than historic ones of the moment.

For instance, news came through that Miss Madge Bell was working at a first aid post through the Clydeside blitz. Scenes of quiet heroism and noisy horror ought to be evoked by that item; instead the mind leaps off to a long, lovely evening at Turnberry, an equally radiant noonday in Perthshire. Miss Bell, after a day of hitting the ball a shrewd blow, in partnership with either the steady Miss Johnston or the brilliant Miss Hendry, would have a fancy for bird watching; it was possible to slip out in the car to the lighthouse, and avoiding late couples playing the Bruce's Castle hole in the Ailsa course, to wander amongst the rocks and pools of the foreshore, whilst the jagged crests of Arran darkened against a palely opalescent sky. Miss Bell and a few chosen and kindred spirits would paddle amongst pools which reflected that sky, listen to the cry of curlew, and thus drown sorrows acquired by needless visits to the burn at the sixteenth on the Arran course, or a second shot pushed out of bounds at the nineteenth.

There were birds to be watched at every Scottish Foursomes; June being the perfect month for that hobby. If you did not seek them after dinner, in the long light evenings, you picnicked amongst them on your way there. The Irish poet who wrote "A little road enticed me and I went," strikes the same answering note in the motoring mind of Miss Bell as it does in mine; thus it was that we both fetched up somewhere in the wilds between Trinafour and Dalnacardoch (instead of beside the cement highway north of Pitlochry) en route to Lossiemouth, and ate lunch while we watched a family of baby curlew.

I wonder if passing flash-backs of any of those incidents ever come, suddenly and unsought, to Miss Bell in her first aid post, helping her to feel there is beauty waiting for us when the years of war work are victoriously over. I hope so.

GOLFERS' SPITFIRE FUND CLOSES MAY 1st

Donations to Miss Helme here. No deduction for expenses. 90% to purchase of Spitfire, 10% to R.A.F. Benevolent Fund. Acknowledgments only in *Fairway and Hazard*.

SCOTTISH golf undoubtedly is a thing apart. You may argue till you are tired that the Sandwich courses—either of them—Westward Ho! Hoylake and some others are as fine a test, as truly and authentically "links" as any to be found north of the Border; nobody can really dispute the point. But I defy any golfer to set foot for a first time upon St. Andrews, Prestwick, Muirfield, Western Gailes without experiencing a thrill which no English course can produce. There is an excitement, a sense of fitness of things about golf in the land of the game's birth that throws a spell even over some tuppenny-halfpenny links with a tin shanty of a clubhouse, wires round the greens to keep off cattle, and whose "tee boxes" are only holes scraped in the sandy soil.

In my heart of hearts the first round of St. Andrews was a disappointment, not because of too much trouble visited, but because that queen of courses, not showing all her charms to the casual visitor, must be wooed long and diligently before she yields them. Yet no disappointment at the superficial flatness, the absence of strikingly bold features, took away from the exciting pleasure of knowing that I was on historic ground. "Ye'll drive straight on the tower," commanded the caddy who had taken complete control of the situation, and I knew that the same line had been given to all the great golfers of all time, till they forgot history and thought only of St. Regulus as a convenient guide-post for their tee shots.

MONTHLY SPOON COMPETITION. A spoon is awarded for March in the bronze division to Mrs. W. Dunn of Northampton, who has returned a card of 102—23=79, five above the scratch score, after a tie with Mrs. W. Goldsmith (28) of the same club. Insufficient cards were received in the silver division for a spoon to be awarded.

The Golf Coupon from any one issue of THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER during the current month must accompany any entry for THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER Monthly Spoon Competition. The Hon. Secretary of the Club must sign the card and certify the scratch score of the course. Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor of THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER, Commonwealth House, 1 Oxford Street, London, W.C.1, to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.

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THE "TATLER AND BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON APRIL

Name: { Mrs. _____
Miss _____

Address _____



Men's clothes by
Drescott

"The Girl from the Middle-West"

(Continued from page 100)

Knowing immediately she was not, never had been, any friend of mine, and not accustomed to being addressed just this way by any one, I had turned and was about to leave the office, when the voice broke out again: "Hey, what's your name?" And with this the voice's owner rose—the red flower just about five feet from the floor.

"My God," I said, walking towards her, "I didn't expect you to be here—not yet, anyway."

With a smile that would have sent blood rushing into the average Englishman's face, and which hitherto I'd seen only in the boy-meets-girl American movie, she then made what still strikes me as an odd remark. "Oh, I couldn't sleep," she said.

A little flustered by that bewitching smile, and bewildered by that remark, I looked down at her as we walked into the elevator. She was really very small, in her blue dress and Jaeger coat, and she was doing her utmost to get that smile off her face. (I learned later, I think, why she found such difficulty in removing it.)

"I see now," I said, as we reached the ground, "why you told me your height."

"Yes," she said. "And I won't grow any bigger. I'm twenty-one. But I'm two inches taller than mother!" And then, as though she were speaking to herself: "Oh, mother's lots o' fun!"

"And Pa?" I asked, as we walked out of the building.

"Oh sure," she said, "he's even more fun. We go camping together. Mother won't. She's a stay-at-home. She walks five miles a day, for her health, but she's not an out-of-door bird. I really don't know what we are going to do with her this summer. If she does come she'll only insist on having a hot bath—her feet in two buckets of scalding-water. You know."

"Oh, I know," I said, and I had to shout, for ever since we had left the building my com-

panion had been racing ahead of me, dashing across streets against the lights, dodging in and out of people like a centre-forward dribbling an invisible football.

"Hey!" I shouted after her, proudly throwing myself into the vernacular. "Hey there, do you always gallop like this? Or are we catching a train?"

"No, sir," she said emphatically, waiting for me to catch her up. "I guess I always walk this way. You get knocked over otherwise. Mother goes faster. I like getting places."

"Well," I said, "I'm in no great hurry. D'you mind if we walk naturally to a bookstore on Times Square?"

"Anywhere you like," she said. "I never been in New York before." And suddenly she began to sing: *Ah wanna go where you go. . .*

"Do you sing?" I asked. "I mean, would you like to—?"

"I am a singer!" she cried proudly. "I sing every evening in the Columbus Hotel, the biggest hotel in our town."

"In the—in a hotel?" I exclaimed. "I thought you were in college?"

"Sure I'm in college, but not day and night—have a heart!" And off she went again: "*Do what you d-o-o!* I'm crazy about singing. I sing all the time, in my bath, everywhere. It's lots o' fun. Dad sings, too."

"In his bath?"

"Sure. And mother plays the accordion. Oh, it's lots o' fun."

"My God," I sighed. "I hope for your sake you never marry a man like me! What else do you do?" I asked.

"Oh, lots. Make quite a bit on the side. Run a paper-route."

"A what?"

"You know, sell newspapers to the gals—get commission. Ten bucks a month, counting outside. Then I sell 'em orange juice on Sunday mornings when they're too darned lazy to get

up for breakfast. Another ten bucks. I like to be independent. Then I write articles. Got one published when I was sixteen. I collect poetry."

"Collect?"

"Sure, outa magazines. And I write it, too—when it's raining. *When I-rish eyes are smi-ling*. Hey, d'you think I'm nuts?"

"Why?" I asked, breathless by now, for she had resumed the soccer gait long ago. "Why, because you run a paper-route and—?"

"Oh no. Because I wrote you, and—"

"On the contrary," I said. "I think you're very courageous. I never dared write an author in my life."

"That's how I get a bang out of life!" she said, and looking up she once more turned on the bewitching smile.

Trying, in vain of course, to answer it in kind, I said: "Do you always read *Esquire*—and how many authors have you written to?"

"Of course I always read *Esquire*!" She was almost indignant. "There's a blood-curdling battle for it every month. But you're the only author I've ever written to. You really are."

"That's a good one!" I said.

But suddenly we had reached the bookstore. "Excuse me a minute," I said. "I must try and find a certain English weekly."

When I returned, I found her standing at the other end of the store, reading a copy of *Candide*.

"Do you read French?" I asked.

"Sure. And write it, too. I write all the time to Bernie."

"Bernie?"

"Sure. He's French, lives in Rouen—22, rue de Selieres."

"Where did you meet him?"

"Oh, I never met him. We've been corresponding for five years. He sent me a pair of gloves for Christmas this year, and I sent him a pipe. He's in the army now, of course. My age. Father thinks we'll be in the war before

(Concluded on page 112)



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LEAMINGTON SPA, WARWICKSHIRE

"The Girl from the Middle-West"

(Continued from page 110)

the year is out. Bernie's lots of fun."

"Let's go," I said. "I have to go down-town to a publisher. Then I've got to get a hair-cut. We can lunch in the village between the two."

"Gee, that'll be fine," she cried. "I'll watch you while you are having it cut."

"That won't be so fine for me," I said, with unintentional rudeness.

"O.K. I'll sit and read the paper."

"Tell me," I said, as we climbed to the top of a Fifth Avenue bus. "Who else d'you correspond with?"

"Oh, not an awful lot. There's a guy I once met up in New Hampshire when I was fifteen. Asked him the way some place, and we got kinda talking. You know. Had a southern accent, so I put one on and said I was from Louisiana, and he said so was he, so, as I'd never been south I had to invent some hick town up north in the State. "You wouldn't know it!" I said, and thank God I'd a break, for he didn't. We've been corresponding ever since, and he still thinks I'm from the south. Jim Bolton's his name. He's lots o' fun. *When ah'm feelin' kinda bloo-hoo.*"

At 12th Street we left the bus, and after a visit to the publisher we walked through Washington Square to an Italian restaurant in Macdougall Street.

"Gee," she said, studying the menu which I tried to translate. "Gee, I like this—though I never eat much."

"Have a cocktail?" I said.

"No. Not on an empty stomach. I'd really sing then!"

"D'you mean to say you've had nothing to eat since last night?"

"I never eat breakfast," she said, and ordered a ministrone. Then she sat back, took off her coat, and up came the smile again. "Gee," she

said, "I still can't believe I'm sitting here with you! That'll be five whole bucks!"

"Five—?"

"Sure, ten o' the gals bet me I wouldn't meet you. Here!" she cried, grabbing the menu. "Write your name on the back. Say: 'You've won, Vinny!'"

Smiling, I did as I was bid. "D'you often make money this way?" I asked.

"Oh, sure. Last month I made ten bucks on Maurice Evans. You know, the Shakespearean actor. He was in our town, and the gals bet me in the theatre I wouldn't meet him. I got through the stage door afterwards, but they wouldn't let me any further. Then I got talking with one o' the guys, and he said Evans had already left by train for some place a hundred miles away. So I jumped a taxi, found the train still in, went in the door where a porter said he had a special coach, but a guy there said Maurice Evans had gone to bed. "Hey, this is life and death!" I said, and taking a chance, I walked through a whole crowd of 'em and knocked on a door beyond. "Come in," a voice said, and in I walked and there he was, sitting up reading in bed. "Here, sign this, will you please, Mr. Evans," I said, and I told him my story. And he signed, writing under it: "You've won, Vinny!" He laughed. He was lots o' fun. "Golly, this soup's good!"

"Holy Mother!" I murmured. "And what did the girls say to that?"

"Oh, just green with jealousy."

"How about your wedding in Pennsylvania?" I asked. "Did you go and were you bridesmaid?"

"Oh, sure. I have to go to another next month. He's the guy I was supposed to marry last September. Then Minnie comes along and off he goes with her. You're welcome, I'm going to tell her, and I don't mean maybe!"

"D'you want to get married?" I asked.

"No." She shook her head. "Not for four

or five years. Too much to do. I wanna go places, see things—travel. Can't do that with someone else hanging around. *On the bonny, bon-nee banks o-o-f Loch—!*"

"Lomond!" I yelled, not without exasperation.

"Do you *always* sing?"

"Better'n snoring!"

"Maybe you snore, too!"

"Sure I do!"

"How d'you know?" said I, snapping out the old trap.

"I-er," she began, but in she'd fallen, plop, scarlet right up into the roots of her pretty blonde hair.

"Ha, Vinny Stocker!" I cried. "I've made the girl who crashed a famous actor's bedroom blush!"

And where a European might have attempted a spluttering defence, or even been driven to anger, my little American friend smiled sweetly, and said: "I guess you have, big boy!"

After our frugal meal, she accompanied me to the barber, and sitting silently in a corner reading a paper, she did not look once in my direction.

"Now I'll take you home," I said, "for I guess you must pack and I must work."

"Yes," she said, as we boarded a Madison Avenue bus, "I've just got time. My bus leaves at four o'clock."

"How long does it take?"

"Two days and two nights."

"My God!" I groaned.

At 38th Street, she got up. "This is where I get off," she said.

I got out with her, crossing the street and walking a couple of blocks east. Suddenly she stopped in front of some steps. "Well," she said, "thanks a lot. It was lots o' fun. I'll be writing you." And shaking my hand, she ran up the steps and was gone.

I looked up at the house. On a brass plate beside the door, I read: "Y.W.C.A."



Nothing disfigures the face more than pouches under the eyes and upper lids, as shown in the photograph above

YOUR FACE

All intelligent men and women realize the importance of the facial appearance. It is a well-known medical fact, that to feel one's best the face must be free from Facial Blemishes such as pouches and loose skin under and above the eyes, loss of facial contour, unsightly noses, lips,

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Bubble and Squeak

Stories From Everywhere

A DIVINITY professor was asked to preside at the baptism of the latest arrived infant in the already crowded home of the minister of the parish.

The professor gave out for congregational singing one of the paraphrases often used on such occasions in Scotland.

"Let us," he said, "sing from the second verse 'As sparks in close succession rise.'"

To his consternation he observed that the congregation seemed unable to repress a tendency to giggle.

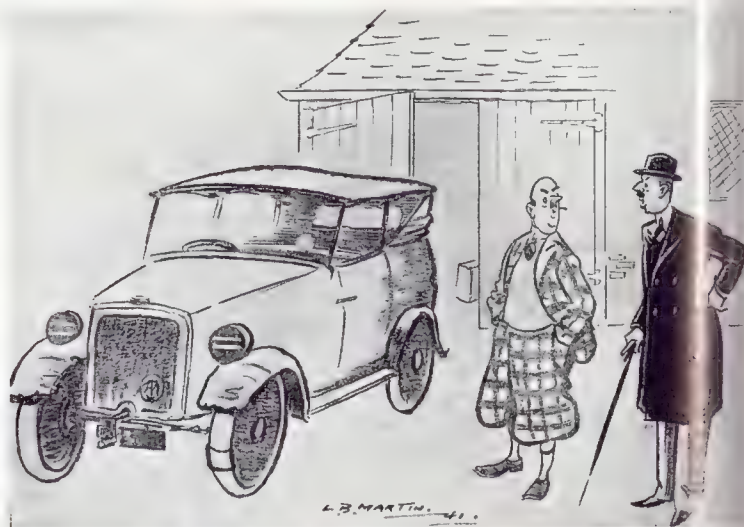
Afterwards, asking the minister's man what had been wrong he was told:

"Ye see, sir, the minister's name is Sparks, and yonder is his tenth bairn."

THE vicar stopped the village reprobate in the lane one morning.

"I was sorry to see you come out from the 'Red Lion' last night, John," he said sadly.

"Aye," replied John, nodding his head sagely, "I were sorry meself. But you do have to come out sometime."



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A WOMAN novelist was interviewed by a reporter of a daily paper, and during the conversation he asked why she had never married.

"Well," the lady replied, "I have three things in my home which represent so closely the characteristics of the average man that I don't want any more of him."

"What are the three things?" the reporter asked.

"A dog that growls all the morning, a parrot that swears all the afternoon, and a cat that stays out all night."

TRYING to bring home to his audience the evils of drink, the speaker was telling them how his own life had been influenced by total abstinence.

"Three years ago," he said, proudly, "there were two men in my office holding positions superior to mine. One was dismissed for drunkenness; the other was led into crime, and is now serving a term in prison, all through strong drink. So I am now head of my department. I ask you," he wound up, "what has raised me to my present position?"

"Drink," came back the unexpected reply from the back of the hall.

A WOMAN went to buy a drinking trough for her dog and the shop assistant asked her if she would like one which bore the inscription: "For the Dog."

"I don't think so," she replied, "you see my husband only drinks beer, and the dog can't read."

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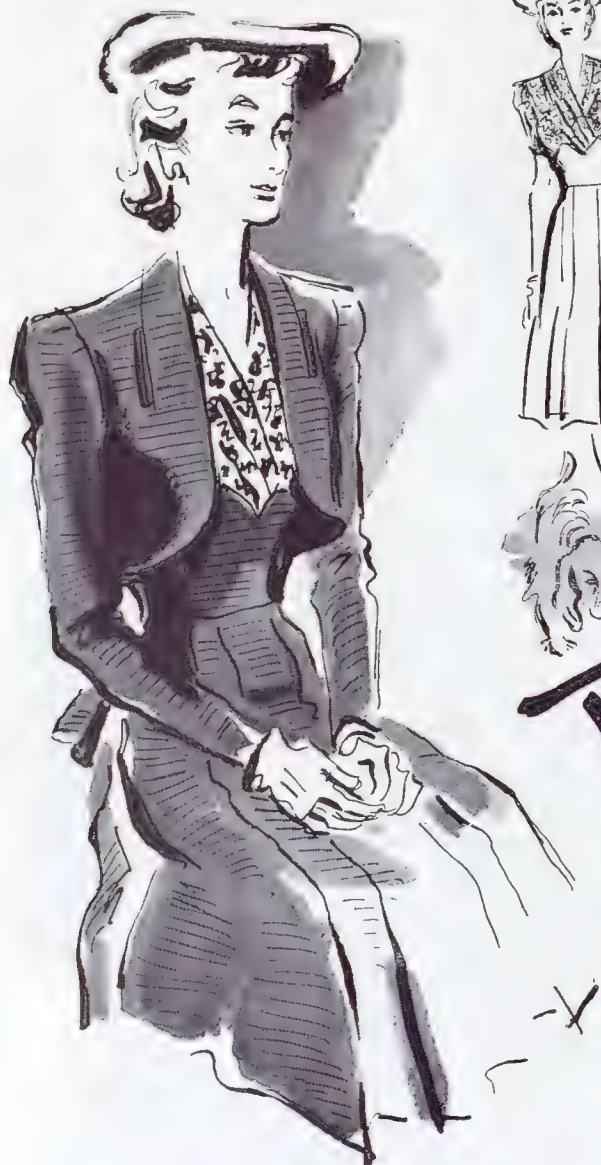
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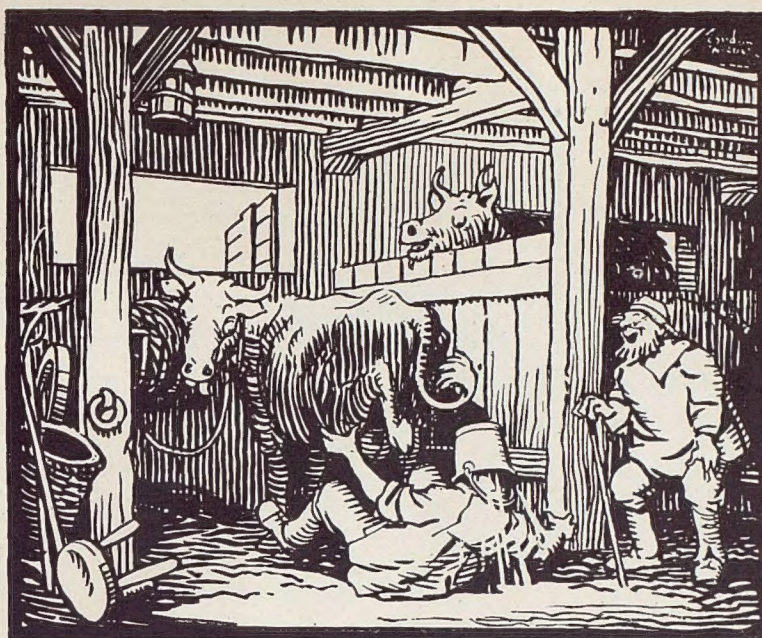
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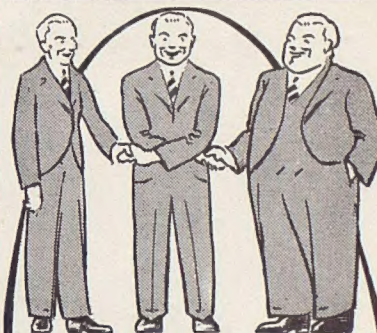
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